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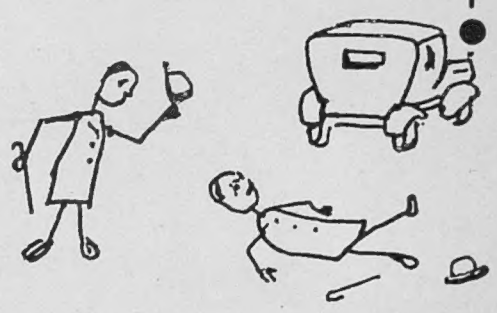

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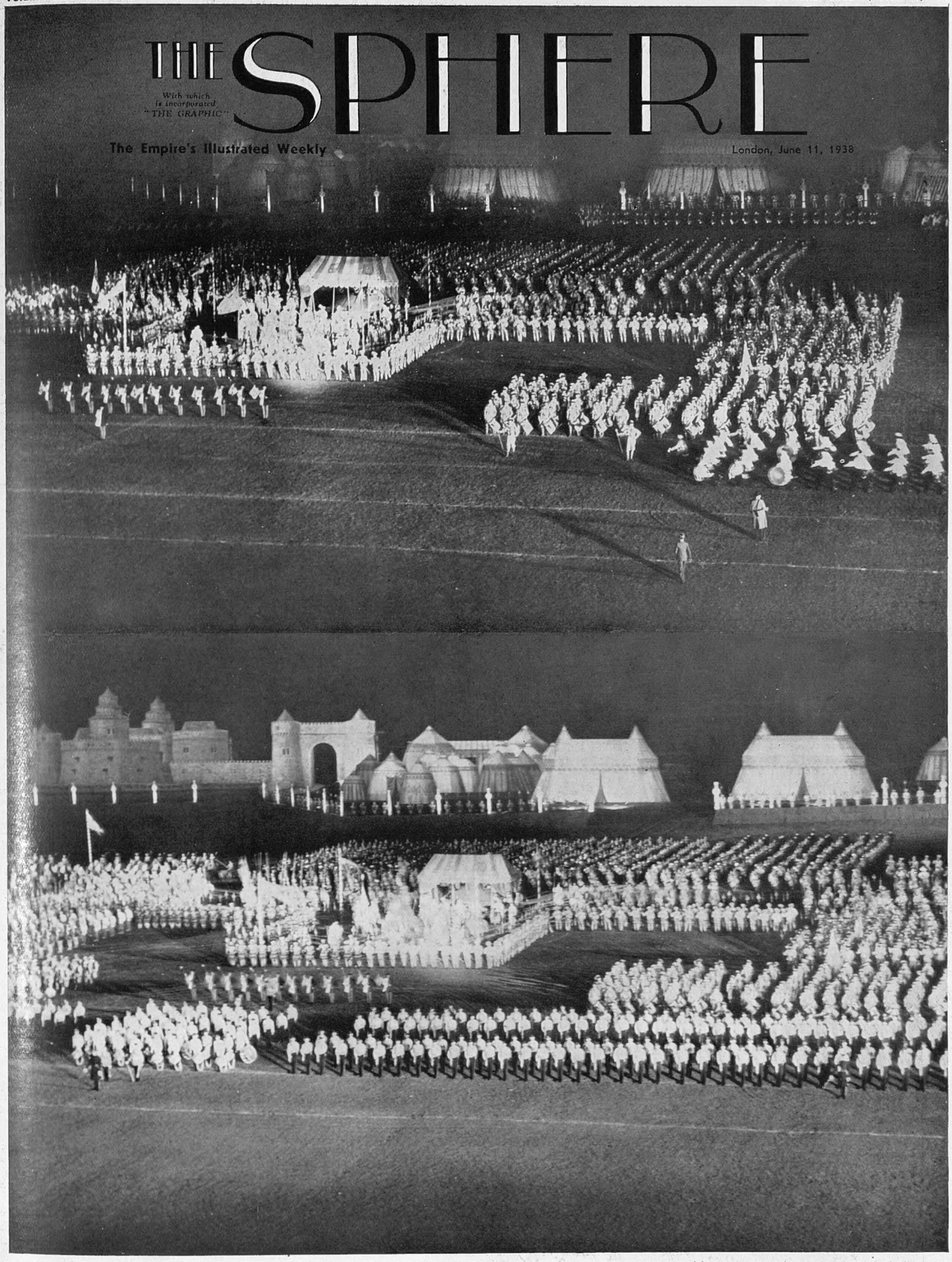
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 11, 1938



ALDERSHOT'S PAGEANT OF HISTORY

The 1938 Tattoo in Rushmoor Arena Provides a Brilliant Spectacle of Military Splendour: "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" the Central Theme

Military history once again comes to life in spectacular fashion at the Aldershot Tattoo, which was given a daylight dress rehearsal in the spacious Rushmoor Arena last Tuesday and opened officially on Wednesday. "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," where Henry VIII, that arbiter of Europe's peace, met Francis I of France, is the central theme of the 1938 production, and the sheer splendour of its enactment, the superb uniforms, the lavish setting, and over and above all its message of peace combine to contribute towards an evening of inspiring enchantment. This is not by any means the only highlight of the show and many will for long remember the drill display by the Brigade of Guards, an imposing line of men as one in all their movements to the sound of rolling drums; the representation of the assault and capture of Fort Moro, in the West Indies, in 1762, which gives an impression of what war was like in those distant unmechanised days; the massed bands of the Aldershot and Eastern Commands, with nearly 1,000 men on parade; and lastly the grand finale, with the evening hymn and the spoken epilogue. After all this it is good indeed to know that this will not, as rumour suggested, be the last of the Tattoos and that 1939 may see another spectacle of like excellence

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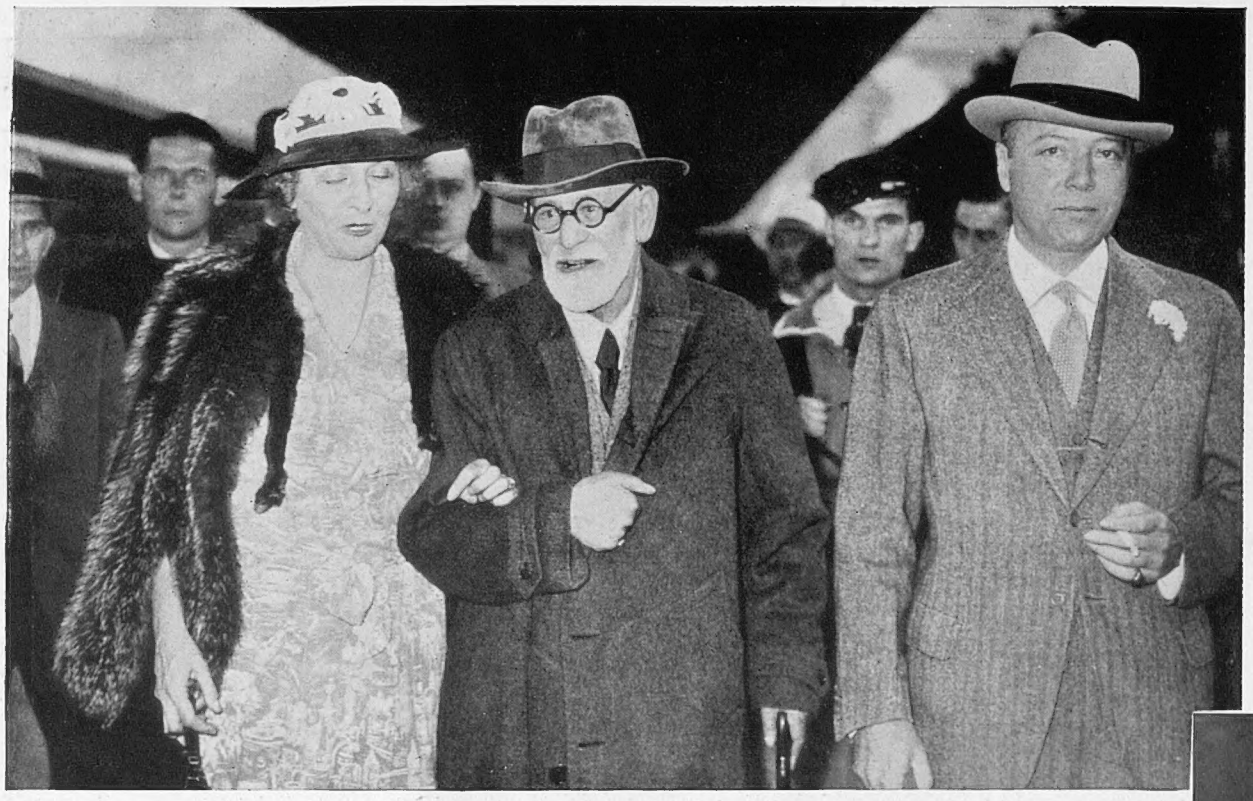


A PERSONAL TRAGEDY OF THE AUSTRIAN ANNEXATION: Professor Sigmund Freud (centre), eighty-two-year-old Jewish "inventor" of psycho-analysis, who added "inferiority complex" to the world's vocabulary, pictured with his friends, Princess George of Greece and Mr. William C. Bullitt, American Ambassador in Paris, on arrival in Paris from Vienna last Sunday, when en route to London where he hopes to settle down and, with the help of his daughter, Dr. Anna Freud, continue his work. . . Following the Hitler coup the Nazis detained Professor Freud in his own house, and before allowing him to leave the country confiscated all his money save for a few marks for travelling expenses

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, June 8, 1938.

DEMOCRACY'S DOOM.—

The Boston tea party was recently treated to another medievalism—this time a prophecy of doom for Britain and France by a Jesuit Father and historian. "France and England (said he) will be at war with the rest of Europe within two years and will not emerge victorious. Every other country in Europe will back Italy and Germany. The only hope of France and England would be to secure the aid of the United States, but it will be better if the U.S. remains neutral and allows England and France to be beaten by the Fascist Alliance." Thus the prophet of the Society of Jesus. Meanwhile . . . . in Britain the dreadful word "Conscription" raised her head and the heads of the prime protagonists of "freedom." In the event of war, are violent hands to be laid on the individual's liberty of action? Is the individual's right during a war of extermination to pursue his "business as usual," to sit twiddling his thumbs on the branch which is being sawn asunder, to be interfered with? Surely not. That announcement would justify the fall of a government, let alone of an indiscreet minister. On this issue one really feels that the Jesuit Father has grounds for his authority as a prophet. That conscription must follow the declaration of the next world war involving Britain seems too certain to be worth a question. If there be not "an Act in existence to put everyone in his right niche when war breaks out," then in the view of one passionate advocate of personal liberty, the Government ought to be confined in Bedlam this day. Are we for ever to play at soldiers and flirt with the possibilities? Are our war defence measures, A.R.P., etc., merely a childish and expensive game? Can anything excuse (unless the disclosure that the Government never seriously believed in war) the deferring of a National Register *now*, and not a register giving loopholes or optional compulsion either? It seems to me that in its superstitious dread of tampering with that legendary "liberty of the subject," our Governments are as medieval (and as antiquated) as the Boston spinsters who curse Franco and burn his image in wax. They can never in practice show the smallest faith in the British character which they crack up in public speeches. We are not babies, nor ostriches. We can face facts. It is no time for counting party votes or nicely calculating political popularity or Trade Union opposition. We are either in a damnable danger or we are atrociously misled. In either case we are atrociously misled in the matter of defence if plans are not now being undertaken to employ every able-bodied man and woman in his or her appropriate sphere in the event of war and to tell him or her where to report and for what duties on the day it is declared. The history of the early days of the great war and the history of eighteen months of A.R.P. teach us the lesson that our national genius is not shown in efforts at swift organisation of masses or in co-ordinating or decentralising national recruitment. It takes years to prune overlapping, to canalise wasted effort, to secure uniformity of policy.

HOLLYWOOD FILM CHIEF IN ENGLAND: Mr. Darryl F. Zanuck and his wife seen at Southampton on Whit Monday on leaving the *Normandie* which had brought them over from America on a holiday trip. Mr. Zanuck, who is thirty-six years old, is now regarded as the biggest single producer of films in the world, having an income of £50,000 a year as vice-president in charge of Twentieth Century-Fox production and being responsible for making fifty pictures a year. He has had an adventurous career, beginning at the age of fourteen when he fought in Mexico

A.R.P. THE HISTORY OF TWO YEARS.—

It is now about two years since the A.R.P. authority, constituted by and under the Home Office, sent out its emissaries to impress on the provinces the urgent need of preparing local schemes without delay. Their words sank in and in many areas local officers carried from village to village the fiery cross of A.R.P. urgency. Now after two years many of those villages look in vain for any sign of progress. When the history of this movement comes to be written, the story of these two years will evoke the comment: "How typical of England and of the English character and of the authorities in a democracy." It began with *Gas*. Gas was the danger and gas the vehicle of expressing the danger. Do you remember those gas-proof chambers which every cottager was to prepare for his family—complete down to the last detail of spare crossword puzzles for grown-ups and lead soldiers to keep the babies quiet? The authorities pushed those gas-plans aside—they were antiquated. High explosive bombs were the danger. Trenches and bomb-proof shelters were the thing. Every suburban garden must have its bomb-proof shelter and the surplus population must be safeguarded by evacuation schemes. A month or two passed and *Fire* succeeded high explosive. The real danger is fire. An enemy machine can carry hundreds of those dreadful 7-lb. fire bombs which are virtually unextinguishable. The word goes out that local authorities must concentrate on their local fire brigades. Scheme after scheme has in two years been urged upon those local committees. Scheme after scheme has been hastily discussed, roughed out and laid aside at a word from headquarters. Always courteous, always serene, Sir Samuel has been the chief spokesman for the authority he controls, politely persuasive of volunteer efforts in first this and then that direction. In the country districts some committees are still measuring for masks; some are pegging out concentration areas for the surplus population of local danger zones; some are organising transport; some are laying hands on the local fire brigade, resolved on rationalising it; some are training their girls in first aid; and some are doing nothing at all but complain that the Central Authority has forgotten them. It is in no spirit of destructive criticism that these facts are set down. Rather, it is an effort to press the point that Democracies, jealous of individual liberty, need years, not weeks, of planning and preparation to organise a national effort. I believe that Sir Samuel, under the intolerable difficulties of harmonising our concept of Democracy and liberty with vital measures of defence, is doing good work. But he cannot do a tithe of what is required (if the danger be as real as we must believe it to be) if the Government must totally delete from their dictionary the word "conscription" in its mildest meaning. One day the enemy will arrive, or the nightmare will be dispelled. And Sir Samuel may go down to history (linked with Peel who gave us the Bobbies or the Peelers) as the man who (without much conscious volition) so greatly improved our village fire brigades, or "Sammies." For the fireman's new nickname must obviously be coined from Sir Samuel's Christian name.

DR. VON SCHUSCHNIGG WEDS: Countess Vera Fugger-Czernin who was married last week in Vienna to the Austrian ex-Chancellor, now a prisoner of the Nazis, who swept him from office nearly three months ago. As his gaolers would not give him even a few minutes of liberty to stand at the altar beside his bride the ceremony was conducted by proxy at the Dominican Church, Major-General Arthur von Schuschnigg and the sexton acting as witnesses. At the time of writing it is not known where the ex-chancellor is living, but it is rumoured that he is confined in the Hotel Metropole, headquarters of the German secret police

PUBLIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

—It is not surprising that the country is waking up to the new wave of reckless extravagance which under the lead of the Government is sweeping every Government Department and every local authority. To the ordinary man, forced to practise personal domestic economy, it is inexplicably reckless. If a private citizen with a limited income

is compelled to find extra money to meet an extraordinary expenditure (on doctors' bills, house repair, a new car) he spends less on his holiday, his clothes, his rare pleasures. He has to do so. But that is not the Government's way. Apparently the national income is inexhaustible. Faced with an enormous and inestimable expenditure on armaments, one might expect a prudent Government (familiar with our post-war history and its lessons) to cut down rigorously during the armaments crisis on other forms of expenditure. But not at all. All departments, led by the Ministry of Health, cry "Business as usual" and insist on larger and larger votes. One might expect a gesture from above, a lead towards administrative economy. It is not beyond imagination that at such a time, with an eye on the future, the Ministers and M.P.s should suggest for themselves a small "token" cut in their salaries, some of which have been raised of late. There is no sign of such gesture, let alone of consciousness of the need for economy. None remembers the Lloyd George extravagance madness, when the beaten enemy was to pay, and its dangerous aftermath. It is small wonder that local authorities, taking their cue from the Health Ministry, have raised the rates by £40,000,000 in four years, and plan to raise them by another £10,000,000 a year. They are drunk with the power of the money they thus handle, and see themselves in a position of exaggerated importance. They are no longer trustees, they are Rajahs, Mandarins, Pharaohs, determined to make their mark on their generation and on posterity by mighty public works. The unhappy ratepayer all over the country is paying for stately town halls, majestic civic centres, huge swimming pools, vast public gardens. Thousands of these ratepayers, living a mile or two outside their country town, are assessed like town dwellers, pay for these monuments and secure in return no single public service or advantage, not even a monthly refuse-clearance by a village lorry. Nothing. Neither water, nor electric light, nor police services, nor fire services, nor sewage service, nor transport for school children. Yet the lessons of public extravagance are bitten deep in the memory of almost every private citizen. It is small wonder that some of us who have supported National Government and once regarded Mr. Chamberlain as the "Economy Chancellor" wonder whether he and his Government are like the Bourbons, deficient in memory and incapable of learning lessons from the past; and are intoxicated by the exuberance of their own extravagance.

MORRIS DANCING IN AN ESSEX VILLAGE: A gay scene in the streets of Thaxted during Whit Monday celebrations. The dancers kept time to an accordion

ETON'S 200th FOURTH OF JUNE.

—Saturday, June 4, was the 200th anniversary of the birth of George III. That day, "to mark the occasion," the housebreakers had so dealt with Norfolk House that you could almost see through it to the old tottering building in the courtyard behind its façade where George III first saw the light on June 4, 1738. Eton also marked the occasion by very special efforts on the great day, which coincided with the Whitsun week-end and fell on a Saturday. The congestion of cars and pedestrians in Eton's narrow streets was probably never equalled. The flood-lighting was more delightful and spectacular than ever before attempted. Boats and buildings were for hours in the spotlight and the fireworks by the damp river bank were more expensive and elaborate and long-drawn-out than the doyen of enthusiastic Eton grandfathers could recall. Nor did the orators in Upper School forget to mark the occasion with special allusions to the bicentenary and royal and pious benefactors. In our "democratic age," in our crisis when economy was never more necessary, Eton flourishes as a very green bay tree. *Floreat Etona.*

HAPPY ENDING TO A GREAT DAY: American amateur golfer Charles Yates (centre; with arms akimbo) singing "A Wee Doch an Doris" outside the clubhouse at St. Andrews last Saturday. This was his entertaining contribution to the proceedings, and an alternative to making a speech, after his team had lost to Britain for the first time in the Walker Cup

DERBY DAY AND NIGHT.

—Hermit's Derby and its "snow-storm" is the locus classicus for journalistic citation whenever a "record" Derby is run, and never fails to evoke corrections from "lovers of truth." Derby Day, 1938, had some claim to fame and public memory. A little-backed outsider won—nothing unusual in that. The lucky owner was a "mere boy"; last year it was a "mere girl." The race was (half of it) run in a down-pour of rain and that is not uncommon. The phenomenon which distinguished Derby Day, 1938, occurred some hours after the race was over. It was a summer gale of extraordinary intensity and it lasted a very long time. Some of the gusts were stronger than any I can recall in gales in high summer—they must have reached 90 m.p.h. 20 miles inland. A great deal of damage was done to trees, stands, tents, hoardings, and all things considered, we in the south were lightly let off.

SPORTING NOTES.—

St. George's Hill is not Wimbledon—not by weeks, and the Mrs. Wills-Moody of June 3 is not necessarily the Helen Wills-Moody of the end of June, 1938. She may yet prove the Helen Wills of earlier years. She has been long away from constant tournament practice. She was easily beaten (as once before by Miss Stammers at Beckenham) by Miss Hardwick, who is going from triumph to triumph. Mr. Hammond captains England in the 1st Test Match. He was an obvious choice because any other available choice must have diluted (however slightly) the pure cricket merit of the chosen team for the sake of captaincy. By merit, test experience and character, Hammond is the man, and his choice, which creates a precedent (no former professional has ever captained England), shows that the M.C.C. authorities are, after all, *liberal* die-hards. The chosen team is already in the field at Nottingham. In their selection of the lucky thirteen from whom the XI was chosen the authorities, themselves rejuvenated, diluted with young blood. The average age of the thirteen was but twenty-seven, with Compton and Hutton as the infants. They also plumped for spin against speed in attack. There is only one fast bowler, and Pope took Leyland's chance to play as an all-rounder. In the Walker Cup match Great Britain made a splendid start by gaining a point over American amateurs in the foursomes at St. Andrews, and next day they took the odd point in the singles and so gained a rare victory for Great Britain.

THE LORDS ON JAMAICA.

—In an Upper House, never full, small by degrees and beautifully less, their lordships debated the not unimportant question of West Indian trade and troubles. Lord Harlech found a very apt occasion on which to make his "maiden" speech on a subject of which he knows at the moment rather more than any other living Englishman. He made a full survey and called for optimism about a component of the empire as essentially sound, loyal and happy as it is important and temporarily embarrassed, and he called for an end of Press misrepresentation. Time will adjust the difficulties due to the agreement on the world price of sugar and the new sources of supply of both cane and beet sugar, for which his late department could not fairly be blamed. Their lordships one by one crept silently away after his speech as the debate continued. At last Lord Dufferin, speaking, faced Lord Strabolgi, listening. Lord Harlech came back "and then there were three." And so their lordships retired to a well-earned recess. But no doubt their thinned ranks will be recruited by new blood to-morrow.

BOMBING OF OPEN TOWNS.

—The exploring of new diplomatic avenues seems to most of us a slow procedure by which to bring to Franco's notice the civilised world's horror at the continued slaughter of civilians in aerial bombing. The possibility of similarly advising the Japanese seems even more remote. Meanwhile hundreds of innocents are slaughtered every day in a senseless and brutal massacre, the only result of which is to stiffen resistence and redouble racial hatred and bitterness. Every day Franco's hope of victory (for his war is *nothing* but futility if the end be not the pacification and rebuilding of Spain) grows dimmer as the tale of corpses increases. For every corpse is the seed of a vendetta of hate. The Government's latest plan is to enlist the help of certain nations not even obliquely concerned in the Spanish war in setting up an independent commission which might "hold itself in readiness to proceed to the scene" of the latest assassinations and issue a report on the damage done and the military objectives secured. The meticulous precaution, the inevitable dilly-dally, implicit in the wording is enough to make one cry. For meanwhile . . . And meanwhile, too, one wonders whether the Pope in his summer retreat sleeps calm of nights.

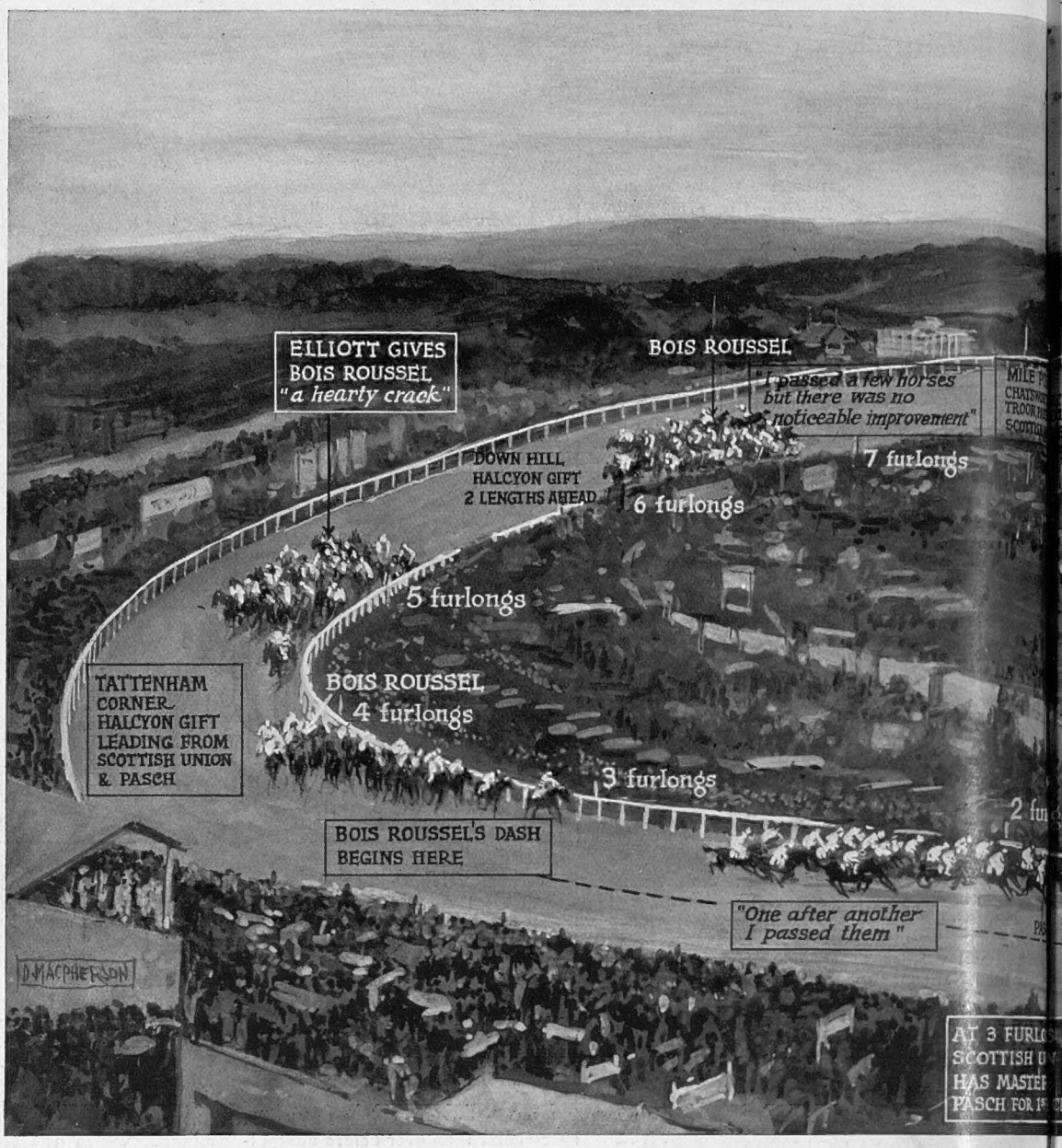
THE OLD STAGER

FROM LAST TO FIRST IN THE 1938 DERBY

A Pictorial Record of Bois Roussel's Astonishing Effort in the Epsom Classic

SWEEPING DOWN TO TATTENHAM CORNER: This was the scene after the field had gone about a mile in the 1938 Derby, with the 50 to 1 outsider, Halcyon Gift, out on his own and the rest thundering behind in close order. Almost last was Bois Roussel, who had been left at the start, and at this point, said his jockey, "there was nothing in his galloping to indicate he was going to do anything at all"

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT: As the Derby field came round Tattenham Corner, with the favourite, Pasch (second from right), much in evidence. It seemed to those who gave a thought to the matter that Bois Roussel was not only boxed in in the ruck but much too far behind to have a chance in the race. It was then that the big surprise came, the French colt bounding forward after a smart crack from Elliott's whip and passing his rivals one after the other with the most incredible ease

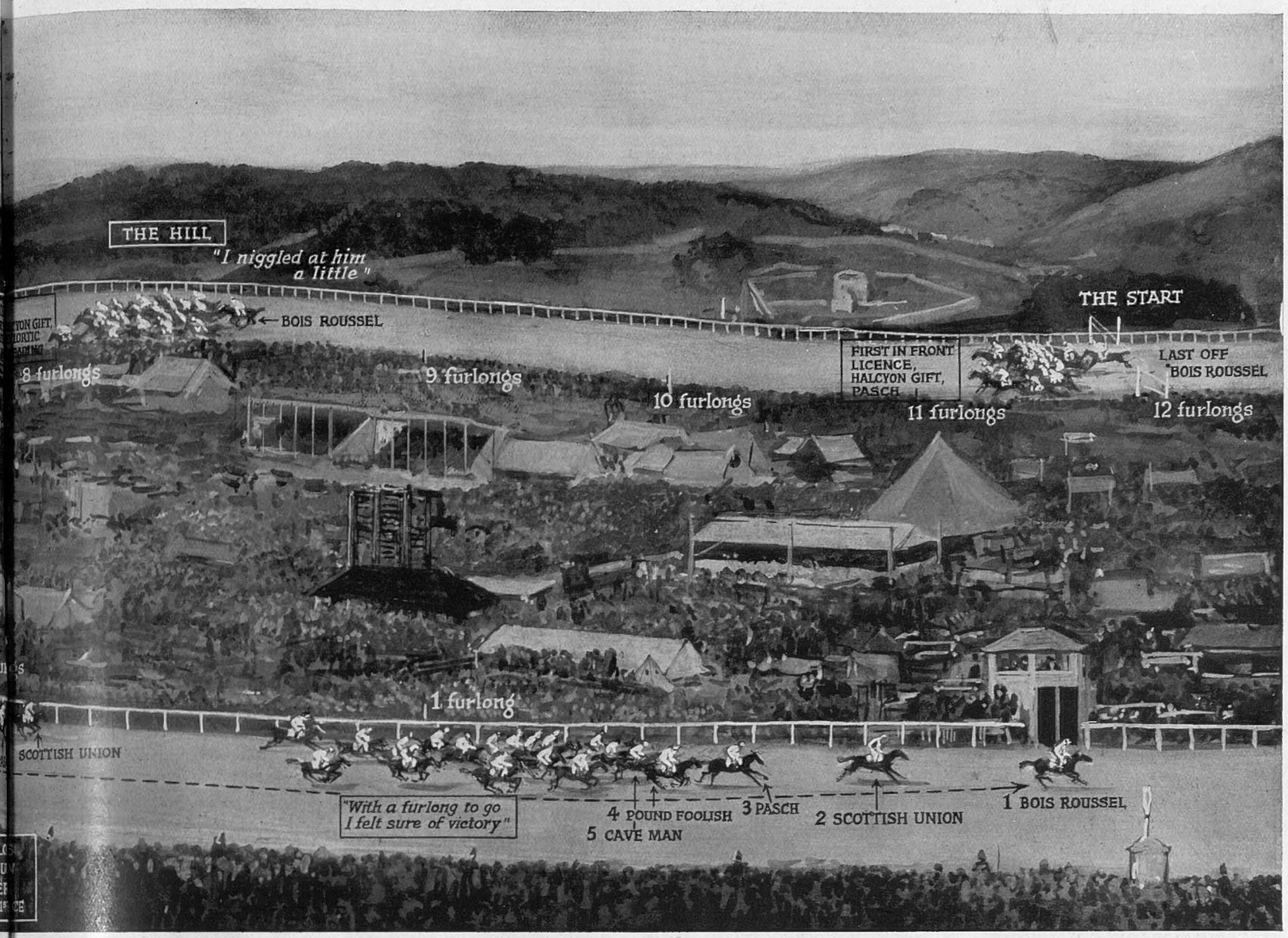


HOW A RACING MIRACLE HAPPENED: This diagrammatic sketch has been specially drawn for "The Sphere" to show from start to finish the various stages of the 1938 Derby in which Mr. Peter Beatty's French-bred colt, Bois Roussel, started last and by a truly astonishing display of speed and stamina passed the whole field to win as he liked by the generous margin of four lengths. A fine description of the race was afterwards given to J. H. Park by the winning jockey, C. Elliott, who said:—"*Bois Roussel took so long to find his stride they all went ahead of me, and I was last of all straight away. I did not want to stay behind too long, so as we went up the hill I niggled at him a little to see if he could take up a better position. But he could not do so. Then I realised I had to*

A CENTURY BETWEEN THEM: To mark his seventieth birthday Lord Mottistone went for a gallop on Mottistone Down, above his home on the Isle of Wight, with his celebrated thirty-year-old war horse Warrior

THE NEW HUNGARIAN MINISTER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S: M. George de Barcza, who has been posted to London from the Holy See, where he has been representing his country since 1927

PRUNELLA STACK AND HER FIANCÉ: The leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty on the moors at Dungavel Lodge, Lanarkshire, with Lord David Hamilton, son of the Duke of Hamilton, to whom she is engaged



Drawn by D. Macpherson

do something if I was not to finish in the ruck. When I put some pressure on him as we started the descent there was no noticeable improvement. Half way down the hill I had not the slightest hope of winning. The leaders were well ahead and seemed to be going as well as I was. It was about 50 yards before we got to Tattenham Corner that I gave Bois Roussel a hearty crack with the whip. It was a last resource, and you can imagine my surprise when he bounded forward. It was after I had 'given him one' that I realised for the first time I was on a racehorse. But it was a long way from home, so I did not ask him to keep it up over too long a stretch. I steadied him until we got smoothly round the turn and into the straight. I was not then in the first dozen, and I should estimate I was something like twelve lengths behind the leaders. But that touch with the whip had transformed him entirely. Along the straight he tore at a much faster pace than anything else. One after another I passed them as if they were standing still. With a furlong to go I felt sure of victory. Soon I got on terms with Pasch: then there was only Scottish Union to beat. I just sailed past him to win almost in a canter by four lengths"

BRILLIANT SUNSHINE FOR ETON'S FOURTH OF JUNE: *Above*—"Absence" being called in Weston's Yard, and (*right*) looking over the Memorial Bridge to the Upper Club ground while cricket was in progress, watched by parents and boys during last Saturday's celebrations, which were held in perfect weather and were of particular moment as they marked the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George III, the monarch who granted "the fourth" to the college as an annual holiday. The Procession of Boats, the *piece de resistance* of the day, was wonderfully presented, floodlights, skilfully concealed along the river banks, illuminating the craft

DOWN TO THE COAST IN CARS: A long line of motors held in a traffic block on the outskirts of Rochester —where the Medway bridge always causes a jam at peak periods—when on the way from London to Margate and other seaside resorts on Whit Monday. Although the sky was rather overcast in some places, the number of vehicles on the road was as great as ever (4,000 per hour at Denham), and it was noted by A.A. officials who toured the countryside that the standard of driving was particularly high

MAKING HAY: These musicians, knowing from experience how holiday traffic gets held up outside Rochester, did first-rate business as they played to the occupants of cars waiting in the long line near the Medway bridge

THE BATTLE AT WATERLOO! Crowds queuing up for trains to the sea on Whit Monday morning when all the big London termini experienced the expected rush, dispatching express after express in quick time

61,000 PEOPLE WENT TO LONDON ZOO ON WHIT MONDAY and, as ever, the elephants plied a roaring trade giving the youngsters rides round the grounds. At Whipsnade, the Bedfordshire open-air zoo, there were also big crowds, but in neither case were they quite up to the figures recorded last Whitsun

THE WIDE OPEN SPACES OF FLEET STREET: This was the scene in the "street of ink" last Saturday when newspaper folk had already started their holidays, saving, of course, those who had to toil on the Sunday editions

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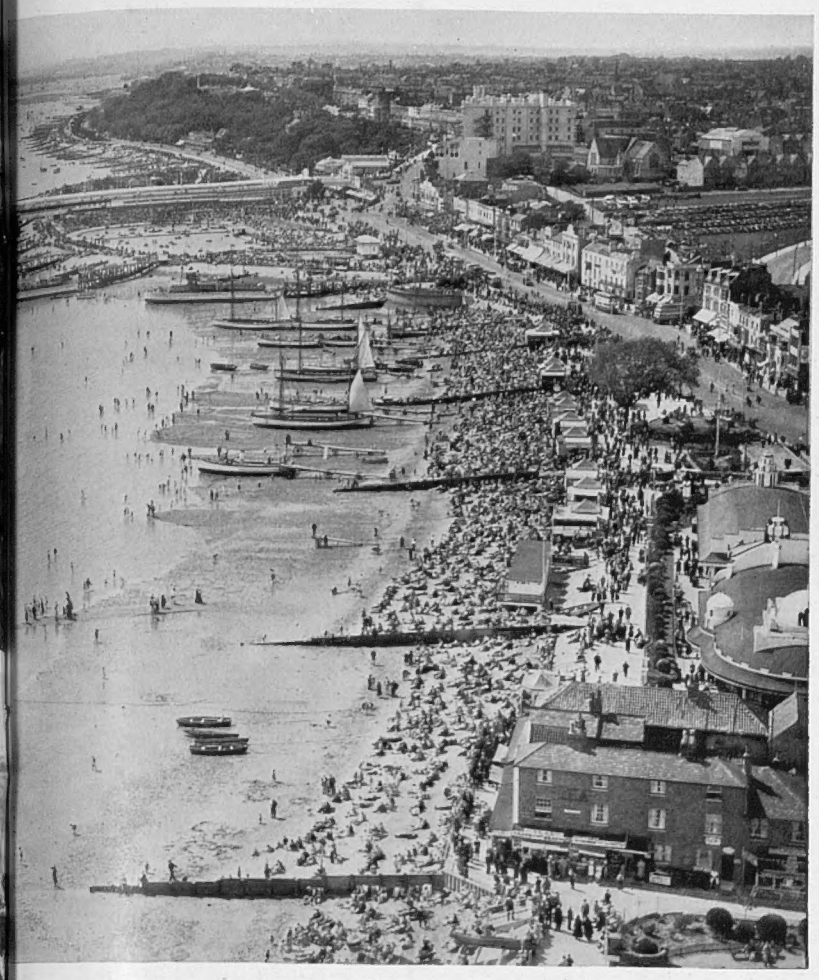
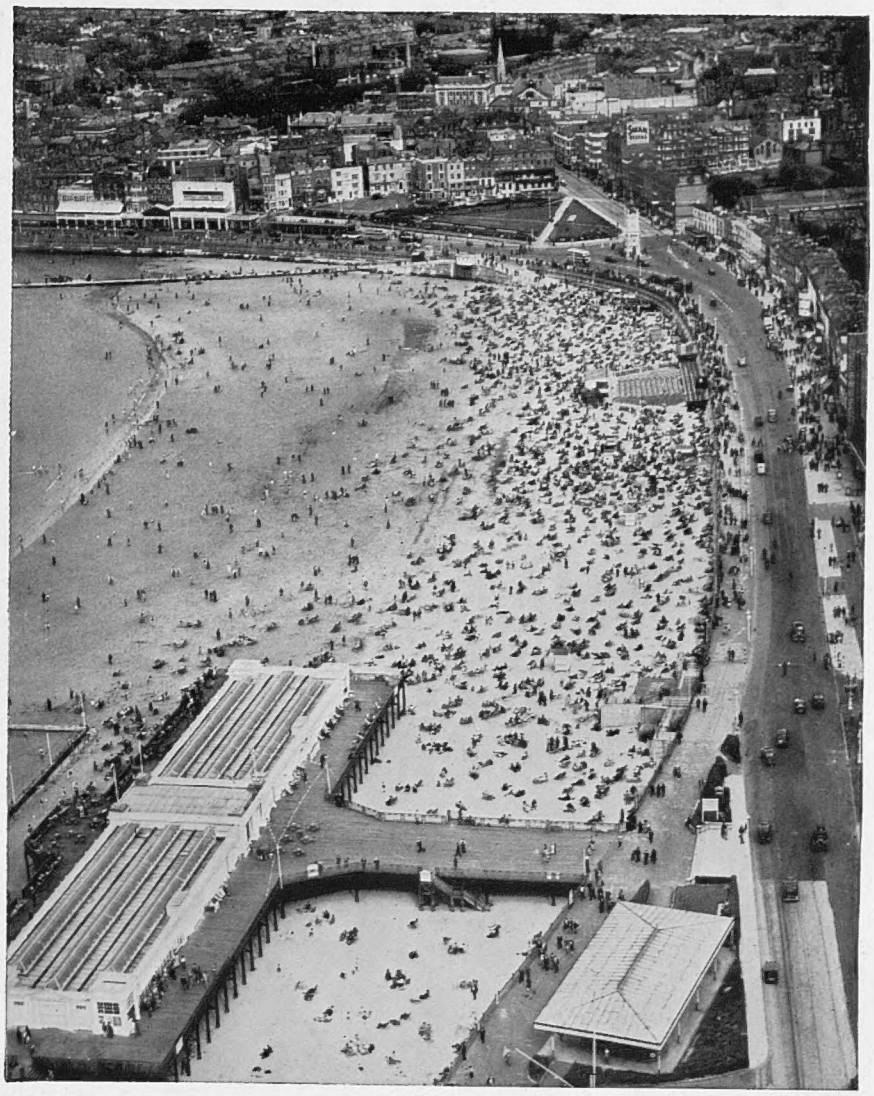
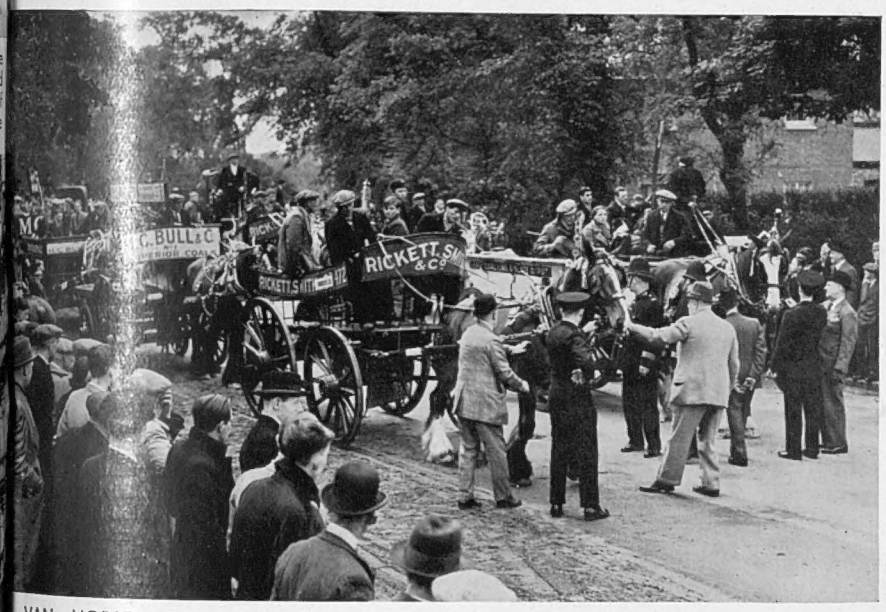
WHITSUN IN THE OPEN

Holiday Crowds Enjoy Themselves in London and at the Sea



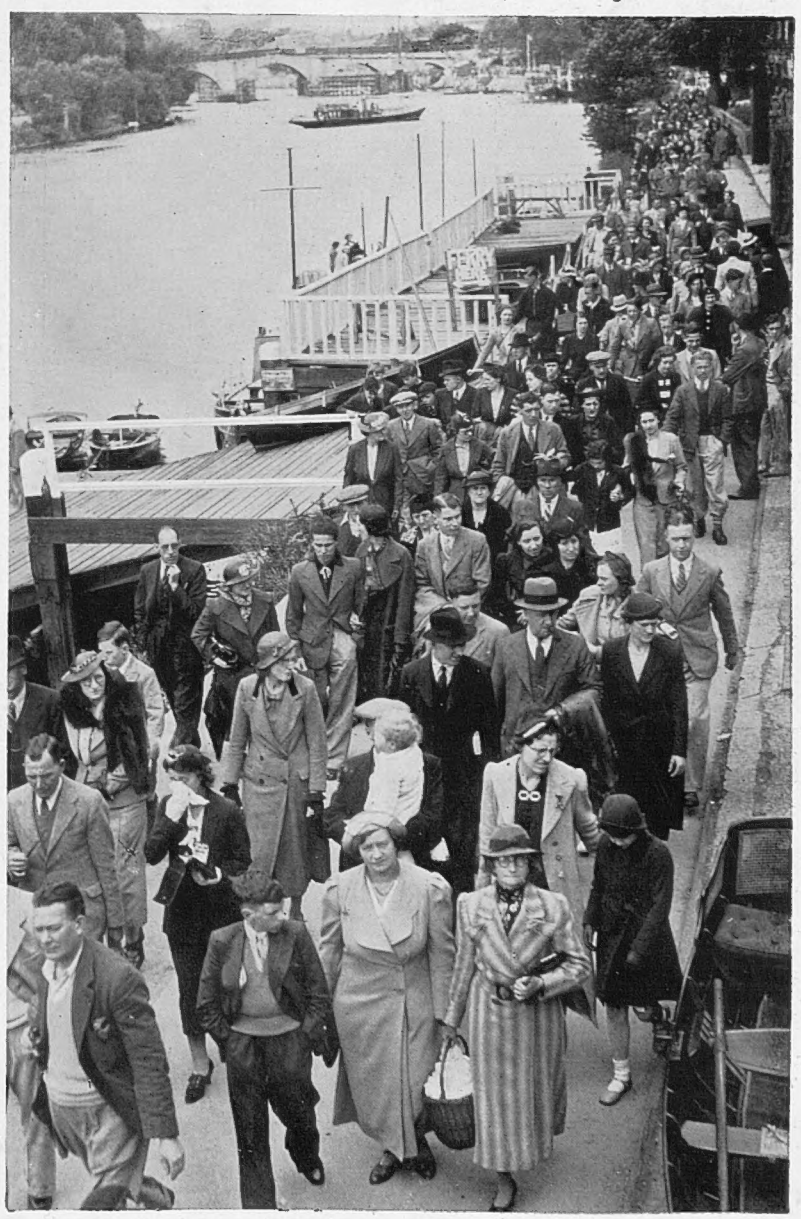


SUNDAY BY THE SHORE: Crowds on the beaches at Southend *(left)* and Margate *(right)* where Londoners went in their hosts to enjoy the sunshine, which at most resorts was at its best on the first two days of the holiday, with temperatures ranging between 67 and 70 deg. in the shade. Margate was particularly favoured and from June 4 to June 6 enjoyed a total of 32·3 hours of sunshine, only being beaten in this respect by Dover, Deal, and Herne Bay. At Southend on Whit Monday trains brought in heavy loads all day long, and about 300 people who missed the last train at night returned to the sea front and spent the night in the shelters



VAN HORSES SHOW THEIR PACES: Entries in the forty-eighth annual parade of the London Cart Horse Parade Society going before the judges in Regent's Park on Monday

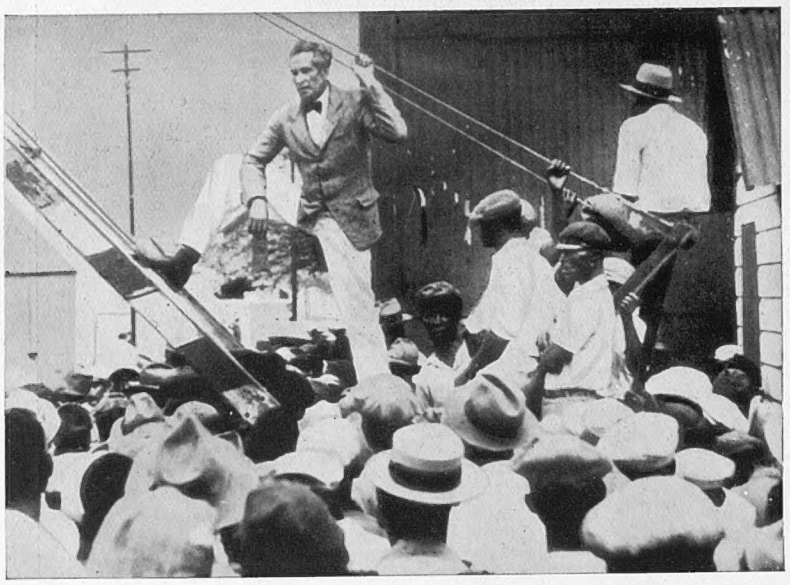
THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD IN WHITEHALL brought as big a quota of spectators as ever, for while Londoners were making by road and rail for the seaside and the countryside, hosts of folk from the Provinces flocked into town to "see the sights"



THE LURE OF THE RIVER: Holidaymakers on the towing path at Richmond, always a popular spot for picnic parties. Recent alterations there have made it possible to walk along the river bank for seven miles without a detour

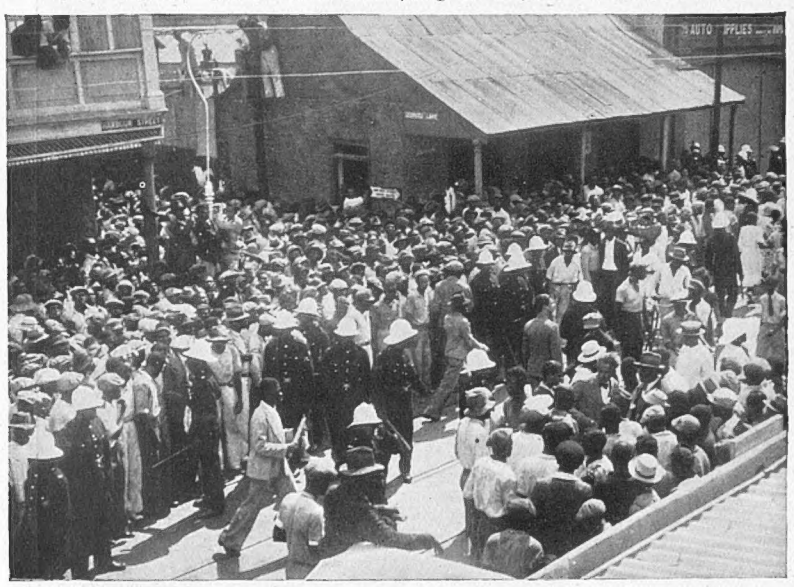
TROUBLE IN THE WEST INDIES

Rioting and Bloodshed in the Streets of Kingston, Jamaica



PLEADING WITH THE WORKERS: Mr. Alexander Bustamante, the Jamaican labour leader, addressing the islanders during a recent open-air meeting in Kingston at which he urged they should cease taking the law into their own hands and await the decision of the Government's Conciliation Board which is looking into the wage disputes and framing recommendations for much-needed legislative reform. Mr. Bustamante has only lately been released from prison

IN THE WAKE OF THE RIOTERS: A street in Kingston, Jamaica, strewn with wreckage after a mob of strikers had clashed with the police. The cause of their violence has been the depressed state of the sugar industry and the low wages upon which they have had to subsist. This has naturally given agitators their chance. *Below*—Police attempting to disperse strikers in Kingston



THE wave of mob violence that has of late swept through Jamaica, making it necessary for troops to fire on the strikers and for Britain to send a warship there to help preserve order, is directly due to the depressed state of the West Indian sugar industry.

As a result of this, wages in Jamaica have been at a hopelessly low level; the standard of living is incredibly low, bad housing conditions exist almost everywhere, and the tide of unemployment has risen alarmingly.

At the time of writing, a settlement would seem to be at hand and the Government Conciliation Board, which is looking into the wages question and framing recommendations for social legislation, has already urged a 25 per cent. increase in the wages of the lowest paid labour in the Public Works Department throughout the island. This has been acted upon and from now on the minimum will be 3s. 9d. instead of 3s. a day.

It is a tragic circumstance, both from a personal and public point of view, that at the height of the trouble Sir Edward Denham, the Captain General, should have died.

"We are now reaping," said a recent *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* leader, "the harvest of a century's neglect, to which attention has been drawn, with too little result, by one Commission of Inquiry after another. It is not that the condition of most of the British West Indian islands has not considerably improved of late; thanks to the development of new industries (e.g., the banana in Jamaica and oil in Trinidad), they are now substantially better off than they were at the nadir of their fortunes in the 'nineties or even immediately preceding the war. But the improvement is relative to extremely low standards; absolutely it leaves much to be desired."

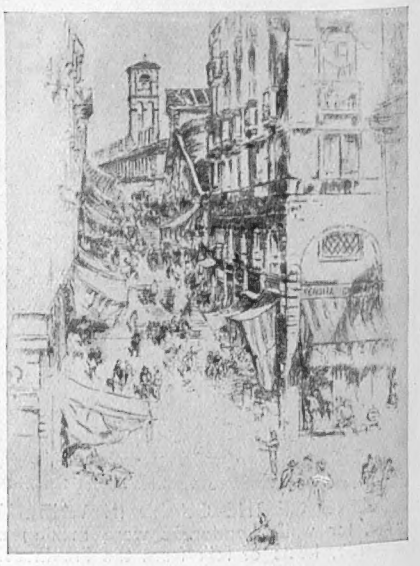
LONDON'S PRINT ACADEMY

Mechanical Reproductions of the Cream of the World's Art

THE SELECTION COMMITTEE AT WORK: Left to right—Mr. F. R. Yerbury, A.R.I.B.A.; Mr. Anthony Bertram, who broadcasts on art matters; Mr. Martin Hardie, C.B.E., hon. secretary of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers; Mr. Louis de Soissons, F.R.I.B.A., architect to the Duchy of Cornwall; and Mr. R. F. Camp, a well-known art dealer, engaged in choosing exhibits for "The Print Academy" which is now being held at the Building Centre, 158, Bond Street, W.1, and has as its object the presentation to the public of the cream of the world's published works of art, showing how fine mechanical reproductions of masterpieces are within the reach of every purse

PRICED AT £420: This Durer etching of St. Eustace is one of the oldest subjects on view at "The Print Academy" and is included in the exhibition in order to show the perfection obtainable by mechanical reproduction

AFTER HOPPNER: This mezzotint in colours of the daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart., the work of William Ward, A.R.A., was executed in 1797, is priced at £1,000, and is the most valuable single subject in "The Print Academy." *On right*—"The Rialto, Venice," a modern etching by Whistler, valued at £137



THE Print Academy, which opened on Friday of this week at the Building Centre, 158, Bond Street, W.1, is a bold and interesting experiment. Its ultimate object is to show the public what works of art are available in the various forms of printing and in mechanical reproductions, demonstrating at the same time how inexpensively they may be obtained.

Few people indeed have any idea of the immense range of exquisite prints available at reasonable prices. The Board of Education has long been urging schools and colleges to stimulate the study of this matter and the Carnegie Trust recently drew up a list of about 5,000 masterpieces that could be specially recommended.

The Committee of the Print Academy, in making its selection, has enlarged this list, and the cream of the world's published reproductions is now to be seen on the walls of the Building Centre's gallery. The exhibits range from old English masters, like Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, etc., and masterpieces of the Dutch, Spanish, French and Italian schools, down to the leading painters of to-day. To give an idea of the vast resources that can be tapped, there are about seventy first-class reproductions of Van Gogh's work to choose from, and forty or fifty Renoirs are available, not to mention paintings by contemporary artists.

One of the outstanding exhibits is the reproduction of Munnings' painting of King George and Queen Mary driving from Ascot—the original of which has just been acquired for the nation through the Chantry Bequest.

Although primarily intended to demonstrate the highest art in first-class modern reproductions there is also included in this exhibition some of the rare prints that connoisseurs covet, and that whet the enthusiasm of ardent collectors.

THE FLARE-UP IN MEXICO

Government Troops Sent to Put Down General Cedillo's Rebellion in San Luis Potosi: Trouble in Mexico City

THE CARDENAS ADMINISTRATION DEFIED: *Left*—General Genoveno Rivas and General Manuel Avila Comacho, chief of the fighting forces, conferring together over the disposition of troops before Government battalions were dispatched from Mexico City to put down the rising engineered by General Cedillo, former Minister of Agriculture, in the State of San Luis Potosi, where he had behind him the support of a private army of 12,000 men and, it is rumoured, finances from big commercial interests opposed to the Government's "share-the-wealth" policy. *Right*—Police driving rioters before them after the latter had attempted to occupy the buildings of Mexico City University. During last month there were clashes in many parts of Mexico, a result of the economic malaise that has struck the country

THE WIVES THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM: Women at Mexico City station as a troop train was about to depart for San Luis Potosi. *Below*—A Mexican peasant type; his tattered clothes evidence of the extreme poverty of his class

OFF TO THE FRONT: Government troops as they left Mexico City for San Luis Potosi where they later engaged the private army of General Cedillo. Towards the end of May General Cardenas claimed the revolt was crushed

MODERNITY IN MEXICO CITY: A view of one of the very newest parts of the capital showing the National Theatre (right), the General Post Office (on left), and the National Life Insurance Building. The city has quite an air of well-being these days, but it in no way represents the true state of the country, which is suffering so severely from a lack of foreign capital that a survey of almost every field of industrial activity reveals an astonishingly low level of production and a great deal of unemployment

"DUCE, DUCE, DUCE!": The ubiquitous sign that the visitor sees throughout the length and breadth of totalitarian Italy

Ferdinand Tuohy

WITH OUR ITALIAN ALLIES

First Impressions of a Visit to Italy in 1938: Milan the Prosperous: Turin the Chic: Florence the Friendly: Rome the Re-built

A BRITISH citizen—of Eire—I do not know quite how it stands—finds his feelings constantly shooting this way and that, in Italy, now. Very disconcerting.

One moment you are saying "these are the same old Italianos one always liked." The next, one is viewing them in wholly opposite light.

Confound it—how on earth to strike a balance? No use setting down a collection of conflicting thoughts and emotions. ("Give them a break! After all, they're only trying to do what we did long ago." "No, that's wrong. We never did things they have done. We never bore ourselves as they are doing. So childish. So vain. So self-deceiving. So sanguinary of impulse.")

Well, the best solution I can think of is a "notes along the way" style—

Before leaving Geneva I carefully went through my suit-cases so that no *Manchester Guardians* or kindred Bolshevik literature should hold me up, once through the Simplon. I had waited for a friend to get permission and come along with me to Rome, but it did not arrive, and now never may. What had this colleague written to offend? He had sustained the liberal English viewpoint. But the main thing is the lesson which correspondents of the democracies should absorb to the depths of their beings, namely, that the suppression of a free Press, all over the place, has invested their kind with a real importance even a de Blowitz can hardly have attained. Let me give an example. Ever to have bracketed Caporetto and Guadalajara, as was done in print in England, was a profound mistake. It was the wound of wounds; nor were matters improved by the comparison being entirely ridiculous.

Domodossola. My suit-cases go unopened. A young railway militiaman hands me back my passport and salutes smilingly as he does so. First Italian salute since the Asiago exactly twenty years before. I want to tell the young man so. But would it be wise? Would he like being reminded or informed that the British aided Italy—ever?

Turin used to be "Italy's most French city", and, with Florence, her most aristocratic. Now the *Secolo* yielded nothing but acute francophobia in the wake of Mussolini's Genoa speech. Turin made one think. Here were spaciousness, charm, *chic*. Had not the textile trades made of the Via Roma, Italy's closest to the rue de la Paix? (Here, also, were dotted statues of Cavour and of Piedmont Princes recalling the creation of an Italy in the liberal tradition, now gone: similar anachronisms are to be found all over the country.)

But this Turin is primarily a war arsenal. Its Fiat works, employing 50,000, are churning out trucks, tanks, aircraft engines. Not far off are the great Sangliano steel mills. Both could be pretty well outed by processional air raiding, the mills even being under French long-distance artillery fire. To be remembered: 80 per cent. of Italy's vital industries are still located in the triangle Turin-Genoa-Milan, so absurdly near the French frontier, aerially. One's opening impression of a subdued, dullish Italy was hardly afterwards removed. A sort of "nothing is doing" is communicated. Shopkeepers stand idly. Almost alone, "Express" bars seem to do business, dispensing the weeniest coffees, and *gelatinos* without end: grown, uniformed men stroll, licking *cornos* of ice-cream. At cafés, vermouth and eternal coffees are the mainstay. Yes, Italy has gone all serious, this one-time sparkling, mischievous and merrymaking people. In ten days I heard one person giving vent to spontaneous song. On the way to the Pitti, in Florence, a boy came towards me, exclusively revelling in Puccini, in charming tenor. We were actually passing Machiavelli's house, so I got the two Italies all right. Machiavelli has been recovered, to preside in spirit over the Palazzo Venezia; while here was the spontaneous song so essentially belonging to pre-Fascist Italy.

Life is clearly so restricted, horizons cramped. I do not think many other people could stand up to it for so long, but Italians are so innately modest and frugal in their requirements, as modest as they are immodest in their bearing before the world.

One can well understand why the Duce has to do his bandwaggon stuff so often, and dole out bread and circuses. They afford almost the only relief from what the great man has himself prescribed for his Italians—"an atmosphere of ideal tension" so that all energy may go to the "pursuit of ever-increasing power." Struggle, discipline, sacrifice, strain, risk, compose the daily diet. All over Italy are plastered giant "Believe, obey, fight" strips adjacent to portraits of the Duce looking like the (slightly negroid) wrath of the Almighty in a steel helmet.

Italians will not talk as freely with foreigners as do the Germans, and it took some days to extract remarks which, boiled down, show that what is happening in the deprivation line is well understood and agreed with, at least by the Party, sole articulate entity.

"SALUTO AL FUHRER!": Every Italian newspaper, uniform to a degree, welcomed Hitler on his recent much publicised visit with a headline such as this and a portrait occupying at least a third of the front page

"We have to develop spiritual reserves versus your gold ones. We cannot fight with money, so must make it up in courage, discipline, and industrial preparation. We realise our *autarchia economica* is lowering standards and dimming existence, but such is ordained for the realisation of our future. Besides, a poor country doesn't notice these things like a rich one."

Milan had witnessed a bunch of prominent arrests just before I got there. Out of the question to discover why, though I did later hear that citizens had gone about, daring openly to say that it was the h—— of a business having the Germans on the Brenner—Milan is capital of the Lombardy Plain, invading Teutons' first objective through history—and that what did it avail Italians now, their having fought and bled in the great war?

Milan, from the station to the centre of the city, has been practically rebuilt in recent years. Fascism claims as its three principal gifts: Order, renovation, dignity. The loss? "A poor country can't afford freedom, since it requires discipline." "The people have no will or aim, so it is the duty of the governing minority to form the mind of the ruled."

Milan looked prosperous enough. This financial and industrial capital is deep in national arming, but funds are also available because Italians have nowhere to put them, foreign investment being forbidden, and domestic opportunities so limited. Prices are held, so that they may correspond with wage increases, or not falsely exceed the latter. In the Galleria, I had a very good lunch—hors d'œuvres, raviolis, skewered kidney and liver, finger potatoes, new peas, gorgonzola, a quarter Chianti—for 16 lire, tip and tax included (half-a-crown, on my externally acquired lire).

Over coffee and a pipe, I observed the eternal saunterers and noticed anew what excellent teeth and eyesight Italians have—each a blot with ourselves. But physique is still far from good. Hence all the insistence on sport. A novelty I looked for, and found, concerned the calm, the self-repose and absence of gesticulation that the Duce has determinedly ingrained in the new generation, after borrowing from the miserable "Anglo-Saxons."

An Englishman who has lived long in Italy said: "If we only realised that the Italians have never grown up, we should understand them better. We are so inclined to measure other peoples by our own standards of conduct." True, too true. He also said: "Don't judge by what you get in restaurants. That's O.K., but 98 per cent. can't afford such range or quality or quantity. In the South people live on almost nothing, but even so there is much deprivation. Everywhere belts are being constantly hitched a little tighter as staples deteriorate—bread, butter, meat, cheese, pasta. The bread has just received an additional 10 per cent. *ersatz*. The meat, that used to be good, from Yugoslavia, is now crossing in a new trade

(*Continued on page* 572)

On right—
EPITOMISING THE MARTIAL SPIRIT: Infantrymen demonstrating the Passo Romano, Italy's interpretation of Potsdam's traditional goose-step

A SPHERE SURVEY

THE ABORTIVE REVOLT IN BRAZIL: These Brazilian sailors, seen awaiting interrogation, threw in their lot with the rebel integralists (fascists) in the recent rising in Rio de Janeiro against the Government of President Getulio Vargas. The revolt was crushed in quick time

LEADER FOR A DAY: White-suited Dr. Raymundo Barboza Lima, the man whom the Brazilian fascists intended to make President, being escorted into the Central Police Station, Rio de Janeiro, after the short-lived revolt against the Government. In all 600 persons were taken into custody

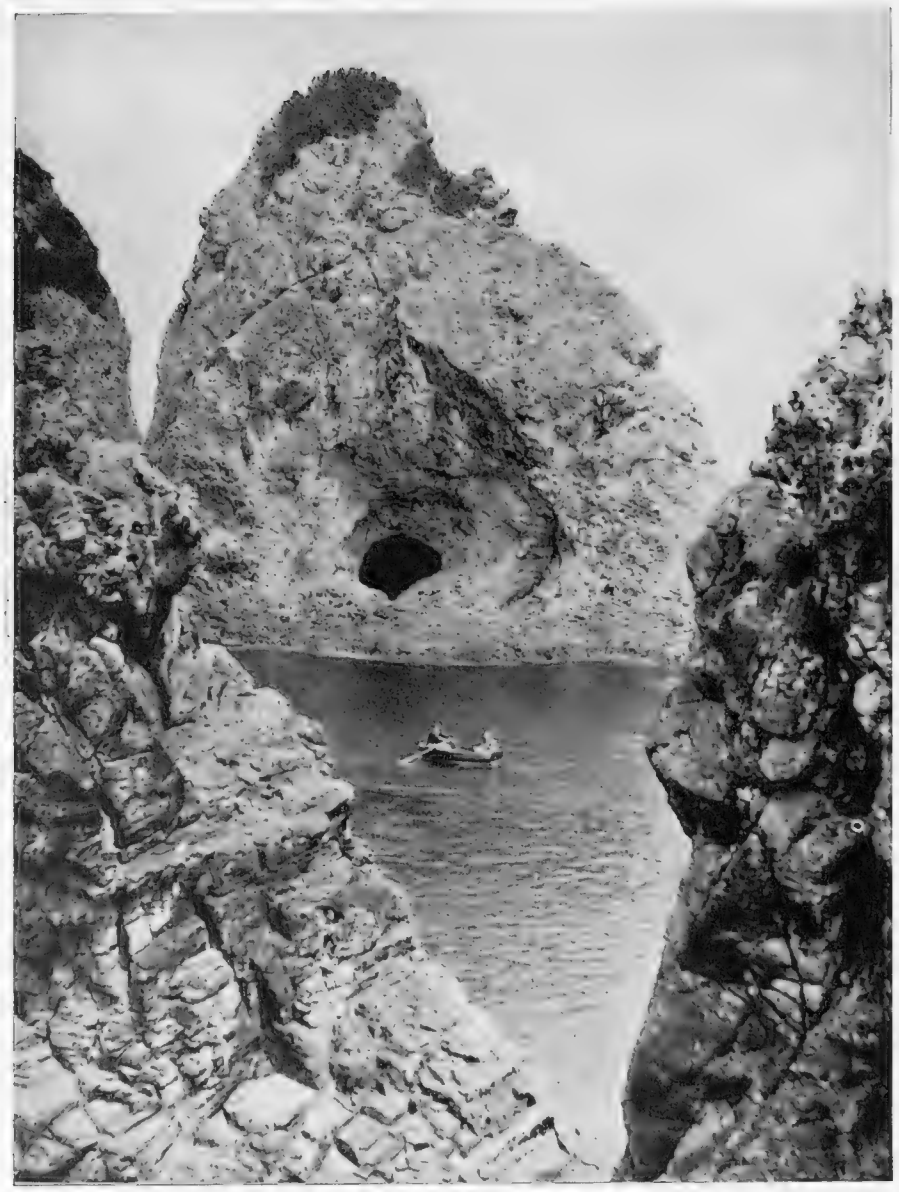
TREASURE TROVE: Falmio Mauras, a Paris labourer, recently brought to light when demolishing an old house in the Rue Mouffetard, a number of bags containing genuine Louis XV gold pieces valued at about £15,000. Mauras is seen holding the stone behind which the bags were found. The law is to decide whether he is to receive the fortune or only a part of it

SHADES OF HUEY LONG! James H. Morrison, the new stormy petrel of Louisiana politics, addressing 5,000 members of the Louisiana Farmers' Protective Union, when he delivered an ultimatum to the State Governor demanding the settlement of the crop bounty question

A FREAK TRAGEDY: Hugo d'Annunzio, son of the late Gabriele d'Annunzio, Italy's soldier-poet, being questioned by police after his plane, with no one in the cockpit but the engine running, broke loose at Seversky Flying Field, near Farmingdale, New York State, and crashed into a row of parked cars, severely injuring a woman. As a result d'Annunzio was arrested on a charge of third degree assault, but was later released on five hundred dollars bail

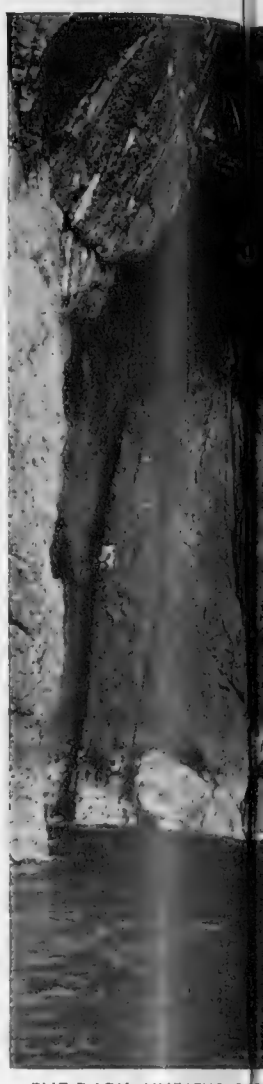
SUDETENS MOURN: German Air Attaché Major Moeriche, Herr Henlein (leader of the Nazis in Czechoslovakia), Nazi Deputy Dr. Frank, and Military Attaché Colonel Toussain, pictured at the funeral at Eger, Czechoslovakia, of the two Nazis killed by Czechs on the frontier on May 20. The obsequies were made the occasion for a big political demonstration

FANTASY IN ROCK



A SHELTERED COVE in the Aldermen group, lying off the Coromandel peninsula on the east coast of New Zealand's North Island. The islands, lying well off the track of shipping, have some of the most spectacular rock scenery to be found in the world

THE NEEDLE ROCK is only one of the many curious formations to be seen in the Aldermen group, where nature has wrought so fantastically



" THE DARK, UNFATHOMED runs through the granite The surrounding water

SOME 12 to 15 miles off the Coromandel peninsula on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand lie the Aldermen Islands. An ugly, formidable, yet in many ways a picturesque group of high rocks, which if directly in the lanes of shipping would prove a veritable nightmare to mariners. On these more or less barren rocks dwell the last of a species of prehistoric animals. It was to find these little creatures and explore the Aldermen Islands that I chartered a launch in Mercury Bay. This is the nearest spot to set out from, the distance being some 20 miles by water.

One portion of these islands known as Cathedral Rock rises sheer from the water to a height of 426 ft. and finishes off in a point at this dizzy height. Through the base of this mighty piece of granite is a yawning hole or opening through which a boat could be negotiated in calm weather. This entrance to this sea cave is like some ancient citadel.

A rock which is quite unique is Needle Rock. This stands in quite deep water and while it only rises to about 60 ft., is very much like an old tree that has been broken off by high winds. Another cove we steamed into had sheer walls of stone that seemed to be built up like so many long square bricks that would actually come away in that shape with a good pull. These seem to have detached themselves from time to time from the face of these cliffs and fallen to the beach where the surf would roll them back and forth until they formed cylinders. The waters around these islands are very deep and blue and here we could see all sorts of fish swimming about in the depths.

We landed quite a number of times to photograph various points of interest, and on one island we came across the tuatara, a prehistoric lizard or reptile known to science as sphenodon. It belongs to the rhynchocephalia class, known to exist nowhere else than on these rocky and barren islands in the Bay of Plenty. It is said that the reason for this is that no other more powerfully equipped animal has reached these isolated islands. They are fully protected by the Government of New Zealand.

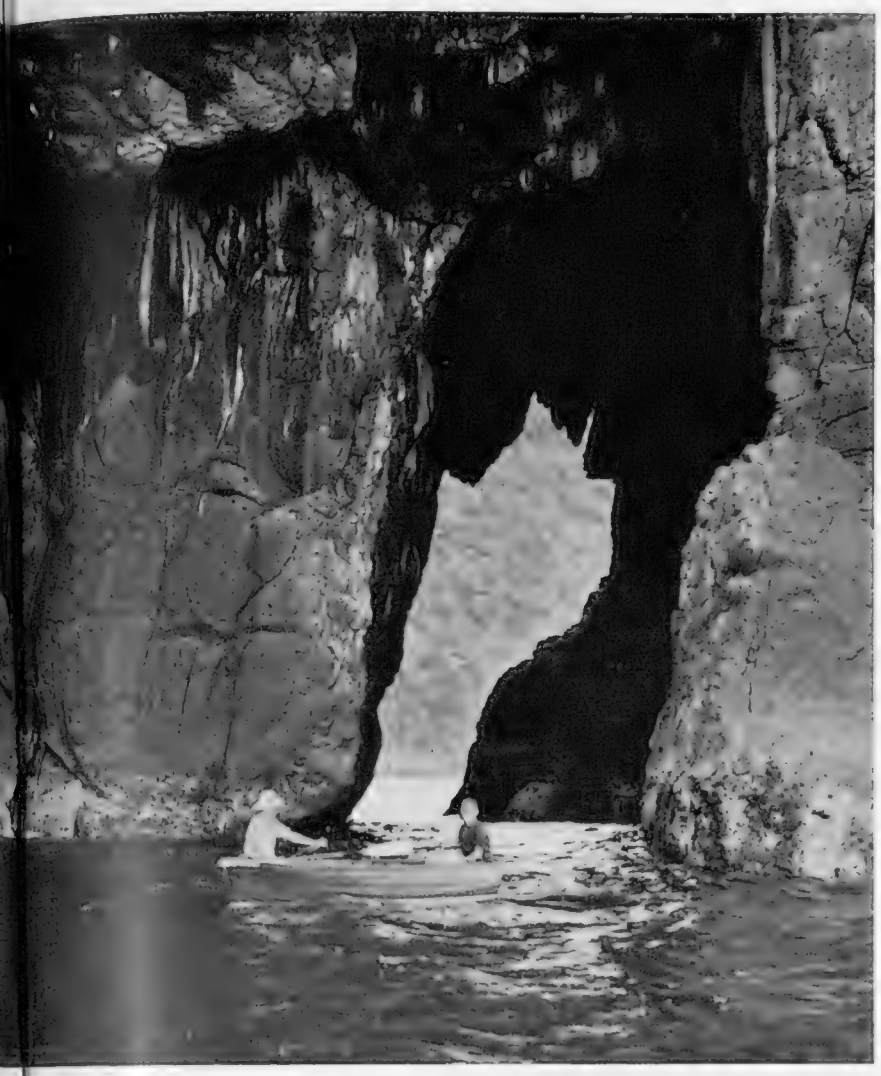
The tuatara live in burrows, which in turn are shared by the mutton bird, which rears young twice a year, occupying the tuatara's abode as temporary tenants.

P. F. Nash

WHERE NONE DISPUTES THEM: These prehistoric lizards, popularly known as tuatara, and known to naturalists as sphenodon, are found only in the Aldermen group. The remote position of this island group has evidently prevented the arrival of any better equipped emigrants which might have exterminated the tuatura

THE CANDLE ROCK, one of the countless strange formations in the Bay of Along, where erosion through the centuries has wrought many fantastic shapes, rendering this section of the Gulf of Tonking, in common with the Aldermen Islands pictured above, one of the world's most fantastic spots

The Strange Granite Formations of the Aldermen Islands, a Little-known Group Off New Zealand's Coromandel Coast



"CAVES OF OCEAN": This yawning hole, with its glimpse of delightful scenery beyond, is the base of Cathedral Rock, the most striking of all the formations in the Aldermen group. The waters here are very deep, and looking down into them one can see a host of different kinds of fish

THE CATHEDRAL ROCK: This spectacular and aptly named formation rises almost sheer from the water to a height of 426 ft. and finishes off in a point at the summit. A certain amount of vegetation clings to the granite face

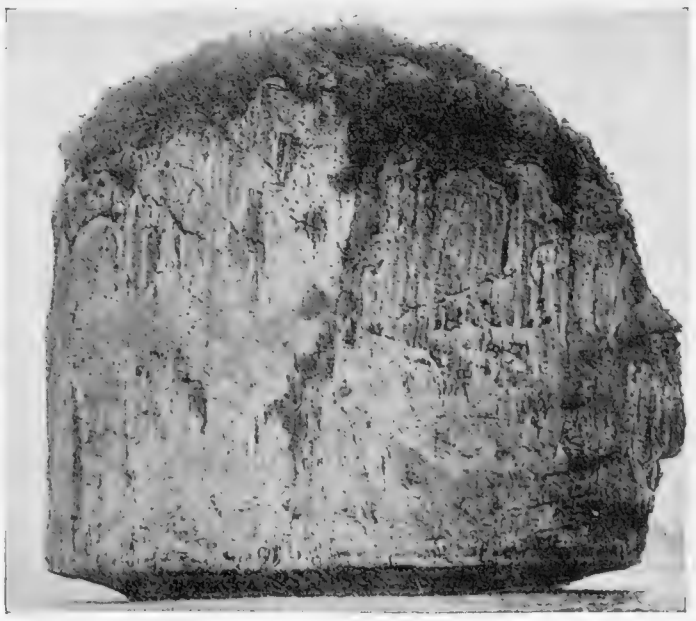
WHERE THE ERODING SEA HAS CARVED UPON VOLCANIC ROCK: Two typical scenes in the Bay of Along, Gulf of Tonking, between French China and China proper, a part of the world remarkable for its rock scenery, in which the works of nature are so strangely distorted

REMINISCENT OF RIO DE JANEIRO: More rock formations in the Bay of Along, which lies just to the north-east of the Red River delta. *On right*—The Monk Rock. It is the summit of an all but submerged mountain. In the course of centuries the sea has eroded the base of the visible portion and given it, like the Candle Rock only in a rather lesser degree, a precarious appearance

NATURE'S STRANGE PRANKS IN THE BAY OF ALONG

Rocks in the Grip of the Sea's Eroding Force

In the Grand Canyon of Colorado awe-inspiring grandeur finds expression; in the highlands of Scotland a gentler beauty is the keynote of the rock scenery; while looking to another part of the world we find nature in a wholly different mood, for in the rocks of Along Bay, that lies within the Gulf of Tonking, the elements have played the strangest pranks, eroding the islets into fantastic shapes which, if not always beautiful, certainly arrest the eye. The towering Candle Rock, on a base one-third its own thickness, evidences the steady undermining the sea can accomplish in the course of centuries, and in ages to come the base will doubtless collapse and the whole edifice plunge headlong into the water



HITLER OVER THE "OESTMARK"

Life in Austria with the Coming of the Nazis: The Old Order Swept Away in the New Province

GÖRING PUTS AUSTRIA TO WORK: Germany's economic dictator shaking hands with converts to the Nazi faith during a visit to a new factory site. His task is to industrialise the new province and bring it into line with his big four-year plan

"THE period of Austrian *gemutlichkeit* is over. Austrians must now work hard."

Thus General Göring. His words sum up the change which has come over Austria since her annexation by Germany. All that is summed up by the word *gemutlichkeit*—easy-goingness and charm—has been abolished by the hard efficiency of the new German masters.

Even the Austrian Nazis are feeling the strain. They expected an *anschluss*, and the pickings of the most important posts for themselves. Actually they got an annexation, and the good jobs have gone to Nazis imported from the Reich. Even Dr. von Seyss-Inquart, the man who handed Austria over to Herr Hitler, although nominally *stadhalter* (governor), is in reality only about fourth on the list, in order of importance, after Reich Commissioner Buerckel, the real ruler of Austria. Supporters of the old regime have, of course, been "liquidated"; the more important ones have disappeared into concentration camps; the smaller fry have joined the unemployed.

The Austrian police have been "purged." What are left of them are reduced to regulating the traffic. The real police work is now in the hands of Germans. More especially the country is in the grip of the *Gestapo*, or Black Guards, the German Nazi secret police, run from Berlin by Herr Himmler.

The Austrian Army, which, immediately after the annexation, was taken off to Berlin to learn the Prussian goose-step, has since been broken up and distributed among the German Reichswehr. Nearly all its senior officers, and many of the junior ones, have been replaced by Germans.

The independent economic life of Austria has ceased to exist. It has now been put through a process of *gleichschaltung* and become part of the German Four-year Plan. Similarly with the financial situation. The German currency has replaced the Austrian, and Austria's comparatively large gold reserve has been taken to swell the seriously depleted gold stocks of the Reich. Germany, moreover, has already intimated to the British that she sees no reason why she should pay the interest on the loans to Austria which had been guaranteed by the British Government. Austria's steel production and timber supplies and her armament factories are now all organised as part of Germany's "war production."

With regard to religious matters, rabid persecution of the Catholic Church was avoided by the action of Cardinal Innitzer, the Primate, in ordering the Catholics to vote for the new regime when Hitler's plebiscite was held. Freedom of worship remains. But, as in Germany proper, the Catholic youth organisations are being absorbed into the Hitler youth, and the clerical press suppressed.

The war on clericalism has already started, including the confiscation of Church property. A notable case in point is that of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Lambrecht, in Styria. The monks were accused of selling their valuable art treasures, which, under the new regime, is a "crime against the state." In this case they were also accused of having a secret store of arms. It is probably true that they were trying to sell their paintings. The hidden arms accusation is obviously trumped up.

The plight of the Jews in Austria is much worse than in Germany proper. It is true that the German authorities sometimes try to restrain the more violent instances of brutality, especially when it is a case of private vengeance on the part of local Nazis. But systematic persecution continues. Herr Buerckel has declared that Vienna's Jewish population must be reduced by 100,000 by 1942. At the same time Jews find it very difficult to leave legally. A new form of terrorism has been invented whereby Jews are deprived both of their money and their "German" nationality and then put across a foreign frontier. When, as in a recent case on the French frontier, they are refused admittance, they are arrested and imprisoned upon their return to German territory.

Jewish small trading has not been entirely stamped out. But the Jewish influence in the world of the theatre and the press and the liberal professions has been entirely eliminated.

The Nazis, however, have been trying to win over rather than bully the workers, who have been promised more work and wages, and already many have been taken on joy rides to Germany under the auspices of the German "Strength through Joy" organisation. Although the Vienna Socialist workmen had no love for the old regime, they do not seem to have taken to the new. Recently notices appeared in the working-class districts bearing the inscription, "We have had enough of this; give us back our Schuschnigg."

ALL HEIL! Children and their parents giving the Nazi salute on the platform of the West Station, Vienna, on returning from a visit to Berlin under the auspices of the Nazi party. Since the annexation took place every effort has been made to give as many young Austrians as possible a sight of their new capital

The change of regime has also had its effect upon the ordinary non-political life of the country. Vienna is now very much the bustling German provincial town. Where once traffic ambled along at leisurely pace on the left side of the road, it now rattles at great pace along the right side. This effect of speeding motor cars is mainly the result of the requisitioning of cars by Nazi officials, who dash past the traffic lights with a perpetual air of urgent business.

The Kaerntnerstrasse and the Graben—where once the shop windows were famous for their display of feminine elegance—bear witness to the change. The shop windows are now practically empty. For the Germans, tired of many years of substitute materials, forced upon them by the exigencies of the Four-year Plan, have bought up nearly all the cloth and also practically every handkerchief in Vienna.

The cafés and the cinemas in Vienna have lost a good deal of business. Cafes, once full, are now generally half empty. Many Viennese citizens feel it to be more circumspect to stay at home. Some do so because they wish to avoid the painful sights of Jews being forced to scrub pavements and other such humiliations forced upon them by the brown-shirted storm trooping zealots. In the case of the cinemas, the film fans, used to Viennese comedies, do not take kindly to the eternal news reels of marching men. Always marching men. The box-office receipts have fallen accordingly.

The night life of Vienna—once practically the monopoly of Hungarian Jews—has now been Aryanised.

Owing to the food requisitioning in Austria for German use, there is beginning to be a shortage of butter, eggs, and best quality meat. To obtain good meat it is necessary to line up and shop early. The famous Viennese white roll—Semmel—usually so plentiful in the cafés, is now not so easy to obtain.

The hardening up process announced by General Göring is already being put into effect. On Sundays one now sees route-marching bodies of bank clerks and other white-collar workers. This marching is now obligatory, and has to take place out of office hours.

The new regime has even laid a heavy hand upon the Viennese love of pet animals. The small Austrian tax on dogs and cats has been replaced by the much higher German one. Unable to afford the new tax, and unable also to afford the cost of having the pets killed, many owners of dogs and cats turned them out into the Wienerwald. The presence in this forest just outside Vienna of all these dogs and cats was considered by the authorities to be a danger to the city. The animals are now being destroyed by the municipality. The Austrians, always great animal lovers, have felt this very strongly.

Perhaps the most impressive sign of the new order is the plan for great, new building operations, which will

(Continued on page 570)

THE "FOUR-YEAR-PLANNER" IN LINZ: Field-Marshal Goring, thoroughly well guarded it would seem, leaving an administrative building in Linz after a recent visit to the city, the industrial capital of Upper Austria, where big plans are now on foot

BRITAIN'S "FLYING BATTLESHIP"

The "Sunderland" long-range bomber; An R.A.F. Development of a successful Commercial Type

FIRST OF HER CLASS: The new *Sunderland* flying-boat bomber is seen (*above*) taking off at Felixstowe when about to run her trials, while *below* is a head-on view, showing the deep fuselage, and (*on right*) a detailed view of the stern in which is lodged a revolving gun turret. She is popularly known as the "flying battleship" and is said to have a range of 3,000 miles with a full load

A POTENT FACTOR IN BRITAIN'S NEW AIR FORCE: The *Sunderland* long-range bomber cruising over Felixstowe just after leaving the R.A.F. station there in order to run her Air Ministry trials. The "flying battleship," as she is called, has been built by Short Brothers, of Rochester, and is an adaptation of the successful Empire flying-boats built by the same concern and now in service on the Imperial Airways routes. Large numbers of these bombers are now under construction and, taking the estimate of their range at 3,000 miles, there is no major military objective in Europe they will not be able to reach with a full load

"CAVALIERS A NOS MORTS": Officers placing a wreath at the base of a monument to fallen members of the cavalry school in Paris on the occasion of the anniversary of the school's foundation

SPOILS OF VICTORY: This sculpture of the Lion of Judah, the Abyssinian imperial symbol, once stood in front of the Emperor's palace in Addis Ababa and has now been brought to Rome and placed at the base of the memorial to Italians who fell in the Italo-Abyssinian struggle in 1887

MEMORIALS of THREE LANDS

On left—
NATIONAL UNITY DAY IN LATVIA: Steel-helmeted troops marching past the Liberty Monument in Riga during the annual celebrations. Latvia is now in her twentieth year as a free state

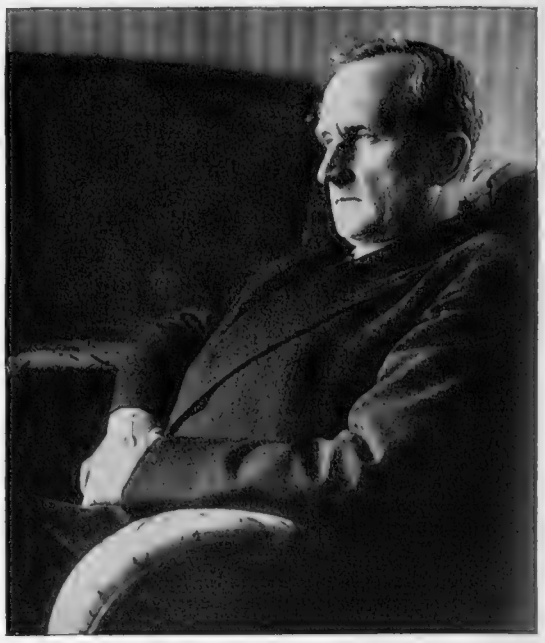
A CZECH CANNOT SPEAK TO A SUDETEN GERMAN

The Language Difficulty a Big Barrier between Majority and Minority in Czechoslovakia

PRAGUE, May 31, 1938.

"NYEMLUVIM NYEMETCKI" (I don't speak German)—I wonder how far these few words explain the problems of Czechoslovakia? One has heard all sorts of economic and other explanations of the Sudeten German question, but not enough stress has been laid upon the barrier of speech. The two races, literally and figuratively, "do not speak the same language."

It all came to me in a tram in which I travelled from my hotel near the Wilson station, down the Vaclavske Namyesti, or Wenceslas Place. I knew the fare, which was fortunate, as my few words of Czech would not have sufficed for an argument, and it was even money that the conductor knew no other language but his own. And I realised that I was in the same position as a Frenchman, even of a Russian—for they have only a few words in common to both those Slav tongues—certainly of a "Sudetendeutscher." Within their own country, over a great portion, they are "nyemy" (dumb) as well as "nyemetcky" (Germans).



NO ENVIABLE POSITION: M. Krofta, the Czechoslovakian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has been bearing the load of responsibility in the exchanges between Berlin and Prague over the Sudeten question and the "alleged" frontier infringements

We all hope that Czechoslovakia will overcome her present problems, but that once achieved, she should set out on a rigid policy of making everyone fully bilingual in the Czech areas, so that the different races can "get together." Czech is difficult, but if goodwill be there, the Sudeten will pick it up gradually through intercourse.

Meanwhile, there is a shadow over the pleasant city of Prague. I never doubted that the Czechs would fight, and fight well, for their independence, if it came to an issue, and everything on the spot confirms it. They know what 300 years of servitude meant to them, and are resolved that their freedom shall only be lost over their bodies. But not the bravest need be ashamed of anxiety at a situation where a powerful neighbour wishes them something less than well, while within their own borders a section is making common cause with their opponents. Most of us in Great Britain and the Empire want to know what it is all about. We have a considerable sympathy with the Czechs, and admire the fashion in which they have maintained democratic ideals amid a world of dictators, but do not like to feel that we are pledged to "bludgeon" the Sudeten Germans into a system they dislike.

It is all a tragedy of misunderstanding, and I do not think one is wrong in putting the language barrier foremost. Nobody who knows the Czechs can believe that they want to bludgeon anyone. If they had, they would have chosen some other system than democracy, which does not further it as a practice. Yet when one talks to Sudeten Germans, even to those who are friendly to the Czechs, they say that they were driven to agitate in order to obtain living conditions in their provinces. They claim that they are no Nazis and would prefer to acquire a local autonomy within the Czechoslovak state. But have their methods gone too far? Has Konrad Henlein, from being an "ally" of Germany, become her prisoner? These are burning questions.

There seems to be no doubt that Germany and the more Nazi element of the Sudeten Germans got the impression that nobody in London would raise a hand whatever happened to Czechoslovakia, that it was all plain sailing and that Hitler would march into Carlsbad as he did into Vienna. Upon that basis they were able to exercise a considerable "pressure" (to use no stronger word) upon doubtful voters, telling them of how they would fare under the new regime if they had been listed as hostile. That may account to some extent for the sudden rush to join Henlein.

THE HIGHER COMMAND: General Syrovy, of the Czechoslovakian Army. His forces have lately been manning the German frontier

Into this pleasant family party the hardening of London's attitude fell like a bombshell. If the Czechoslovak government had an adequate counter-propaganda, this might exercise a considerable effect upon the further course of the elections which are due to be completed on June 12. But—does the bogy of language here again intrude itself—that is just where the Czech government is least strong. They seem to have no machinery of propaganda which should compete with the powerful methods opposed to them.

The day of the second lot of elections on May 29 was intermittently wet and thundery, but voters were not deterred. They went to the urns in their thousands, both men and women, and listened in to loud-speakers in the evening from the "Cheske Slovo," announcing the results. Alcohol was forbidden until 6 p.m. Nobody grumbled at having to drink soda-water at lunch, though the burgher of Prague loves his beer. But, come what may, life must be served—they made up for it at night! I had dinner at Prochaska's, a popular restaurant, and the waiters were run off their feet serving tankards of Pilsener and dishes of "husa pechena" or roast goose. Loving couples held hands and made love or further rendezvous.

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SPANISH, FRENCH, and ITALIAN ART

Contemporary Work of Note—Sculpture at the "Venice Biennial"

PORTRAIT IN TRIPLICATE: This picture of Mlle. Forbes, showing her in two poses full face and in one in profile, is the work of Federico Beltran-Masses and has been on exhibition, with other examples of his work, at the New Burlington Galleries. He is regarded as one of the outstanding contemporary Spanish painters

GRACE PERSONIFIED: "Gloria Griffiths," a striking portrait by Federico Beltran-Masses, included in his latest exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries. The artist first studied painting in the National School at Barcelona and, in 1910, carried out his first important task when he organised the Spanish section of the International Exhibition in Brussels. His pictures are to be seen in many European galleries, including the Uffizi in Florence

PARISIAN TYPES: *On left and extreme left*—Two recent portraits by Saint Germain, a young French artist—he is not yet twenty-four—who is making a great reputation for himself as a society portraitist, working much in the manner of Jean Gabriel Domergue. His sitters are nearly always young women, and he has more commissions at the moment than he can cope with

SCULPTURE AT THE "BIENNIAL": "Madame," a nude figure by Bruno Innocenti, and "Leonessa" (left), a work by Venanza Crocetti, at the great Venice art show which has just been opened by the Duke of Genoa and in which twenty nations are taking part. Epstein is represented by twenty-four bronzes

THEY ARE SEVEN: These are the charming riding sisters of Northolt, Middlesex, all of them expert horsewomen, all of them experienced in grooming and stable management, and all endowed with a full share of good looks, from eleven-year-old Lynda on the left of the line to twenty-five-year-old Freda on the right. The elder girls started a riding school about six years ago and are running it with considerable success

On left—TROJANS! Jean and Tony, the two children of Freda, eldest of the seven sisters, having a riding lesson on the wooden horse used for teaching first principles

THE SEVEN HIPPOLYTAS OF NORTHOLT: A Remarkable Family of Riding Sisters and Their School

DUSTY WORK: Four of the seven riding sisters of Northolt engaged in grooming the greys before taking them out for morning exercise. The girls have to work hard, for stable management means long hours, but they enjoy every minute of it

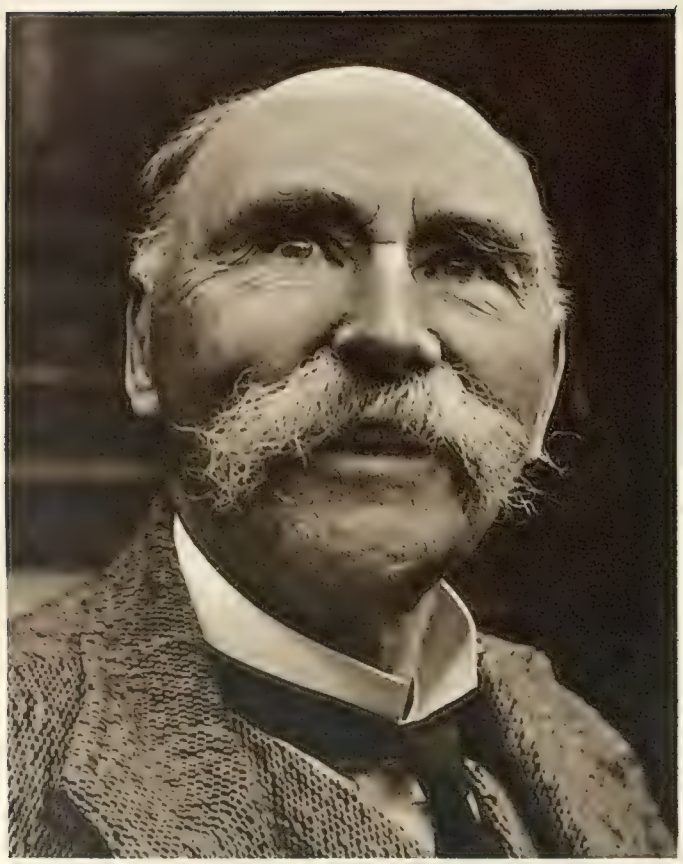
ALL TOGETHER: A lively action picture of some of the seven sisters taking a row of hurdles in fine style on the exercise ground, where they have fitted up a series of jumps for their pupils

Below—A BENCH IN THE PARK provides a good test for one of the greys which shows how well trained it is by making a clean jump despite the fact that there are no side-rails. Many a horse would refuse such an obstacle

PRESIDENT HYDE OF EIRE

The Apostle of Gaelic Culture Whom All Parties Have Now Placed at the Helm

by **Rupert Strong**



EIRE'S FIRST PRESIDENT: Seventy-eight-year-old Dr. Douglas Hyde, Gaelic scholar, poet, and playwright, who has been chosen by the leaders of all parties in the Dail and is the first Protestant to hold high office in Eire. He has never sought political advancement

EIRE'S first President, Dr. Hyde, has been described as occupying a position which is, under the new constitution, of relatively greater importance than the French presidency, though of less importance than the American presidency. Yet comparatively little is known in England of the man who will, for the next seven years, take precedence over all other persons in the new Ireland.

The Hydes originally came from Denchworth, in Berkshire, where they lived from the time of King Canute up to the reign of Elizabeth. Their name is, of course, Anglo-Saxon, being derived from the number of acres covered by a hyde. Part of the family then migrated to Cork, and it is this branch of the family that has now produced the President.

Known throughout the Irish-speaking world as *An Craoibhin Aoibhinn*, or "The Delightful Little Branch," Douglas Hyde represents more than anyone else the rebirth of the Irish nation. Eschewing politics throughout his career, he gave rise to a movement that went beyond the dreams of the wildest patriots of the last century.

The secret of his success lies in what Aldous Huxley would call his "non-attachment." Hyde is not a man of immediate reaction and he is not, therefore, subject to the immediate and violent hatreds and affections that characterise so much of Irish life. Neither has he the intense bitterness of the patriot who uses the past as a storehouse for political animosities. His character is more childlike, idealistic, affectionate; yet he is in no way weak. His strength lies in his aloofness, in his capacity to see the realities of a situation.

Before his work can be appreciated it must be realised that the national life of Ireland was at its lowest ebb during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The Gaelic language was practically extinct. In spite of all England's attempts to anglicise the Irish, the people would not be anglicised. They had fallen between two civilisations, between their own and that of the English.

Purely political attempts to regain their individuality as a nation were a failure. The revolutionary Fenian movement was, for example, little more than an organisation for the assertion of hatred towards England. It was in keeping with an earlier movement which would, as Dean Swift expressed it, "burn everything English except her coals."

Standing in the midst of, and yet aloof from, the Irish vortex Douglas Hyde replaced this tradition with a resurrection of Gaelic culture. "If we take a bird's-eye view of our island," he said, "and compare it with what it used to be, we must be struck by the extraordinary fact that that nation which was once, as everyone admits, one of the most classically learned and cultured nations in Europe, is now one of the least so; how one of the most reading and literary peoples has become one of the least studious and most unliterary, and how the artistic products of one of the quickest, most sensitive and most artistic races on earth are now only distinguished for their hideousness.

"I shall endeavour to show that this failure of the Irish people in recent times has been largely brought about by the race diverging during this century from the right path and ceasing to become Irish without becoming English." He declared that the necessity for de-anglicising Ireland was not a protest against imitating what was best in the English people, but rather to show the folly of neglecting what was Irish and hastening to adopt indiscriminately everything that was English simply because it was English.

When one considers the fact that his father was a Protestant clergyman and that he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, which was and is sometimes still referred to as an English "garrison," Dr. Hyde's career is all the more remarkable.

It was through an old gamekeeper that he first became interested in the Irish language. The Lord of the Manor had given his father the shooting of the bogs, and before long the boy Douglas had made friends with this old Irish speaker, who had a gift for telling stories. At that time the language had almost died out as a result of the famine.

When the time came for the boy to go to school the connection stood in danger of being broken. But he had not been ten days in Dublin before he caught measles. He returned to his native Roscommon and never went back to school. Between then and his entry into Trinity he was on terms of close friendship with the local peasantry, some of whom spoke the ancient tongue.

In spite of the strong prejudice against Gaelic at Trinity, young Hyde's interest in the language was unshaken, as is evidenced by the following record of a conversation with one of his companions, by the name of Crook:—

"'You do know a lot of languages, Hyde. How many do you know? English, German, Hebrew, Latin, Greek, and French, I suppose?'

"'Yes, and I can read Italian; but the tongue I know best is Irish.'

"'Irish!' I exclaimed in astonishment; 'do you know Irish?'

'Yes,' he said, 'I dream in Irish.'"

At Trinity he gained the highest awards for verse and prose. His influence spread far and wide, and brought together a number of individuals who founded the Gaelic League with the object of reviving the national language, names and customs, arts and crafts. This organisation was essentially non-political in outlook. Hyde became its president.

Before long the movement spread to America where there were approximately five Irishmen to every one in Ireland, and in 1905 Dr. Hyde crossed the Atlantic to lecture on the work of the League and to collect funds. He was only ten days out of San Francisco when the great earthquake occurred. With characteristic generosity the president of the Gaelic League promptly returned the £5,000 that he had collected in that city, with the request that this sum be used for the relief of the stricken populace.

On his return from the United States his admirers presented him with the house in Roscommon in which he has lived ever since but which he must now forsake for a life of ceremony.

His new home will stand out in strange contrast to the simple little mansion that lies tucked away in the peaceful stone-wall country of his native Roscommon. The Viceregal Lodge, or "The Hydro," as Dublin wits now call it, was formerly the residence of the Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland. In pre-war days it lent a certain pageantry to the life of Dublin; but it had no place in the hearts of the Irish people.

It was from here that the Crown jewels were stolen during the residence of Lord Aberdeen; it was here that Lord Edward FitzGerald met his death at the hands of assassins. In earlier days Thackeray made fun of the pseudo-court held there. Now, for the first time, the Viceregal Lodge comes into its own as the chief residence in the land. But as the President himself says, the less ceremony there is the more he will like it.

After his American tour Dr. Hyde set out to introduce the teaching of Irish into schools throughout the country and as a result of his endeavours Irish came to be taught in the National University. In 1916 he resigned his presidency of the Gaelic League as a protest against the political form that was being assumed by that body under the influence of the Sinn Fein movement. But by then he had re-established Gaelic culture, without which there could have been no political rebirth.

As an author Dr. Hyde is among the most distinguished Irish writers; but as his works are mainly in Gaelic some time must elapse before they become known in this country. His writings attracted and influenced in varying degrees such men as Connolly the socialist, Pearse, Standish O'Grady and Yeats, George Russell and James Stephens. He was himself influenced by Yeats and O'Grady.

The first play produced in the Irish language was one from the pen of Dr. Hyde. It is said that while he was acting in one of his plays at the Rotunda he had to eat an egg for the benefit of the audience. When asked how he managed to eat it in so natural a manner he replied, "I had no dinner. That was why I ate so well."

On another memorable occasion he acted in the company of Mrs. de Valera in George Moore's Dublin garden. The play was again his own. The famous novelist had invited a large number of guests to witness the performance, which was somewhat marred by howls of protest from Mr. Moore's next-door neighbour, who had not been invited as the result of a quarrel.

All Dr. Hyde's writings have been associated with the Gaelic revival and for this reason, perhaps, he cannot be said to have produced any pure literature. His work is scholarly rather than literary; but it has been the greatest source of inspiration in Ireland for nearly half a century.

Now, at the age of seventy-eight, he steps into the role of first President of Eire.

THE POET'S FLIRTATION: Dr. Douglas Hyde, now the first President of Eire, and Miss O'Kennedy acting together in one of the many plays produced in the Irish language by the Gaelic League Amateurs. Dr. Hyde is himself a playwright and his scholarly work has been a great source of inspiration in Ireland for nearly half a century

THE FLIRTATION INTERRUPTED: Miss M. O'Kennedy, Dr. Hyde, and Teig O'Donahue in a dramatic episode from a play produced in 1901 by the Gaelic League Amateurs, of whom Dr. Hyde was leading light

"White Label"

from Generation to Generation

. . . . . .

DEWAR'S FAMOUS SCOTCH

NEVER VARIES

A BABY ELEPHANT FOR PETS' CORNER

And a Midget Pony Creates Interest in the South of France

COMING TO TOWN

This six-months-old baby elephant, seen here under mother's reproving eye at a pig-sticking meet in India, shortly coming to London and will join the popular Pe Corner at the Zoo, where it will doubtless be a big attracti

AN EQUINE CURIOSITY

This pony, which was pictured a short while ago in the south of France, must be one of the smallest of its species in the world, standing only just over 29 ins. in height

THE JUNE GALE

DERBY DAY AFTERMATH: *Above* and on *left* and *right*—Three views of the St. Dunstan's stand at Tattenham Corner, Epsom, as it appeared on the day following the race and the tremendous gale which swept right across the southern counties, in places reaching a velocity of 90 m.p.h. Here canvas was torn from its moorings, tubular steel-work was bent, and chairs toppled over, presenting a scene of much confusion. At the same time nearly all the marquees on the course were torn to ribbons, leaving several hours of clearance work to be done

On left—LASHED TO A FURY BY THE GALE these waves all but hid the mast-tops of barges lying at anchor at Thorpe Bay, Essex, during last week's violent storm, which arose with great unexpectedness and placed many small craft in distress. No fewer than eight lifeboats were called out

FRENCH COLONIA HOLD THE BAL

Where Fresh Trouble Between

Above on left and right—N.C.O.s OF THE CAMEL CORPS, one of the crack units in the French defence force in Syria which has lately been active on account of the strike in Damascus, capital of the self-governing Syrian Republic, as a protest against the Government's failure to pass labour legislation, and the trouble between Turk and Arab which has again broken out in the neighbouring Sanjak of Alexandretta

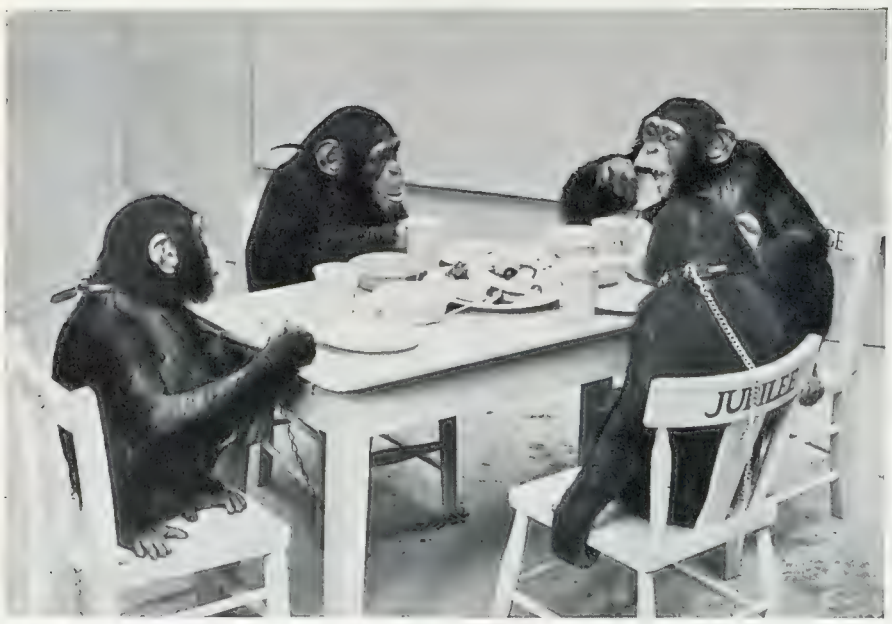
BEDOUIN WARRIORS OF THE TURCO-SYRIAN FRONTIER: Men of the Alexandretta region, North Syria, whose fighting qualities are proverbial. *On left*—A typical member of the French Camel Corps with his mount. As desert patrolmen they have an exacting life and in Syria's present troubled state have little enough time for rest, being constantly on the look out for clashes between Turk and Arab

AL TROOPS WHO ANCE IN SYRIA

urk and Arab Has Broken Out

On right—THEIR WHITE LEADER: The French officer at the head of the Syrian Camel Corps, which numbers among its many duties the defence of the Turco-Syrian frontier; a frontier guaranteed by France under an agreement signed at the end of last year

On right—OFF ON THE DAY'S PATROL: Men of the Camel Corps mounting their beasts after striking camp. The main centre of discontent, where the closest watch has to be kept by the French, is Alexandretta, where a new regime was inaugurated last year, being a compromise between the Turkish demand for an independent state and the French proposals to integrate it with Syria. Both Turkish and Arabic are official languages in the schools and courts



FOUR FOR TEA: Here are Jubilee, Gert, Ba-Bu, and George, the London Zoo's chimpanzees, sitting down to a tea party—the first of a riotous series which during the coming months should be a popular side-show at Regent's Park. Each chimp has his own special chair

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE PLATE is a first principle of behaviour at the chimps' tea party, otherwise someone else will make away with the daintiest morsels. On the whole the chimps behave well and they have given up the habit of putting their feet on the table

SURFEITED: George dishes out the grapes, but one of his companions, it would seem, has had his fill and has begun to lose interest

GEORGE KEEPS GOING: This chimp is an indefatigable eater, and when his companions have begun to tire he is still going strong

CHIMPS AT TEA

It is a great sight to see the London Zoo's chimpanzees at tea, and Jubilee, Gert, Ba-Bu, and that gourmand, George, will give visitors to Regent's Park many a laugh during the summer as they put on this act. Their table manners are unbelievably good these days, but there is plenty of cunning by-play in the matter of tit-bits

ST. LAZARE—SHOP WINDOW FOR A NATION

How the Great Paris Terminus Fulfils a New and Important Secondary Function

By HARRY GREENWALL

ONCE upon a time there used to be a popular song, the refrain of which was: "C'était un soir à la Gare St. Lazare." That was the time when in England the words moon, June, and coon met in the same metre. The Gare St. Lazare, the most central station of Paris, was in those days the most dreary. The middle-aged can no doubt remember when they used to arrive after a long and tiresome journey across the Channel in a paddle boat; a sea trip of about six hours. One alighted at the Gare St. Lazare in the very early hours of the morning. What a bad impression it gave of the French capital, "the gay city." The Ouest Etat, of which the St. Lazare station was the Paris terminus, was the only State Railway in France. Now every French railway is nationalised, but long before this measure went through Parliament the Gare St. Lazare modernised itself, and instead of a dreary terminus it became the shop window of France.

I really do not know who was responsible for this great change. If it was one brain alone, it must have been the brain of a real genius. The change must have been gradual, because those who use the station every day to go to their homes in the suburbs do not seem quite aware of what has happened. The startling change strikes those who have been absent from Paris for some time, and who come back, and also those who arrive for the first time in the French capital.

Outwardly, St. Lazare station is just as it was, there is no change in the shell, but underneath, what a difference. There are the same two broad stone staircases, one at either end of the station, leading up to what is called the Hall of Lost Footsteps; beneath this hall there used to be once upon a time something that looked like huge dungeons; it appeared almost dangerous to walk there. Now everything has been swept away, and instead of a cavern of enormous size there is an avenue of brightly lit shops.

France lags behind many countries in international tourist propaganda, or publicity, but by turning St. Lazare station into a shop window Paris has placed itself, I think, at the head of every city in Europe which is trying to sell its wares by putting them in a place where most people can see them.

I do not know for a fact that more passengers from England arrive at the Gare St. Lazare than at the rival station, the Gare du Nord, but there are two train services per day, or rather one per day and one per night, which reach the Gare St. Lazare, and there is another night service, and as these three services from England are cheaper than the others, I presume that at least as many passengers arrive at St. Lazare as they do at the northern station. Apart from that, all Transatlantic passengers who land in Paris arrive at St. Lazare, because the Ouest Etat—to call the railway by its older name—serves Cherbourg and Havre, the only French Atlantic ports. Then all the Normandy seaside resorts and many of the Brittany resorts are also served by this line, so hundreds of thousands of people—not rich people by any means, but just people—are constantly passing through the Hall of Lost Footsteps in the Gare St. Lazare.

In the cheaper streets of New York one often comes across restaurants with holes at the top of the windows. Through the plate glass one sees white-clad chefs preparing succulent-looking dishes; through the air holes comes the appetising aroma of cooked foods. This always collects a crowd. Whoever had the same idea in St. Lazare station has met with success, knowing that in all countries the best way to attract attention is to present food in an appetising manner.

The food section in St. Lazare station occupies the space of a fairly long street. Each district served by the railway has a section devoted to the food specialities from that particular district. Normandy, of course, provides cider as the drink to accompany all food which is served across the counter or which may be taken home. Rouen sends its famous duck patty, and also duck pasties, all warm and fragrant.

There are sausages of all kinds and spiced meats and everything that is dear to the heart both of gourmet and gourmand. From the seaside resorts come oysters of various kinds and mussels, and other forms of sea food such as one sees in France only.

Then there is a colonial section, where one finds and where one can buy rum, which can be drunk hot during the cold days of winter, or iced during the summer; there are masses of bananas and coconuts, and all sorts of colonial produce. At practically every shop, hot coffee may be obtained, freshly roasted coffee. There are numerous small shops, not stalls, but real shops, selling hot apple turnovers, and all kinds of pastries, fresh from the oven. The aroma of the food is very attractive indeed. It is not a stale and musty smell, but the very essence of good fresh cooking.

In the early days of the autumn, when the vineyards are working, there are many stalls devoted to the sale of grapes and fresh pressed grape juice is sold in hundreds and hundreds of glasses per day. In a corner of the Hall of Lost Footsteps, in what is known as the "Coin des pic-nics," hikers may obtain food all ready to take away with them when they start out by train for their rendezvous.

Downstairs in the once dark cavern which is now a street of lighted shops are to be found several hairdressing saloons, many fruit shops, fine flower shops, several shops where ladies' lingerie may be purchased, a jeweller's shop, several places where clothes can be pressed while waiting, shoe shine parlours and shops where shoes can be repaired while one waits. There is a large umbrella shop and a gramophone shop and another large shop which sells wireless sets, and there is a very big toy shop. Of course, there is a hotel in the station, and several large restaurants. In fact, St. Lazare station to-day is a town within a town.

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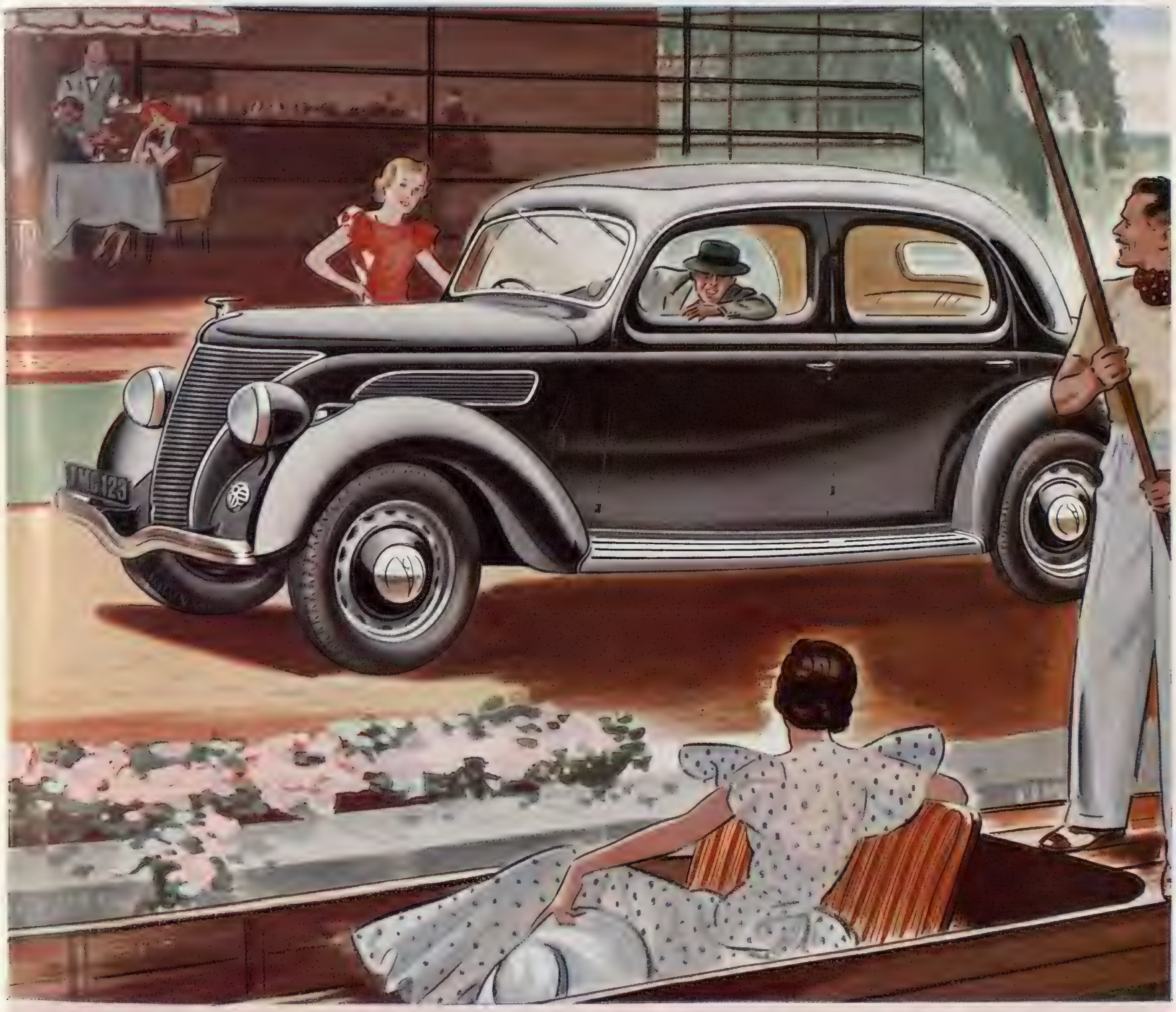

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is the Man's cigarette that Women like

PARIS PREPARES FOR A ROYAL VISIT

On right—*A gracious coat frock in black wool voile with white piqué bows and a white Breton sailor hat*

A touch of military precision in a black crêpe frock with borders of crisp white piqué

There is no escaping boleros. Here is one on a black silk dress printed and sashed with yellow

IN a summer when simplicity and romanticism wander hand in hand through the world of fashion you have to have wit to avoid, in the first place, looking like a governess, and in the second, looking as though you have come to the wrong party in fancy dress. A soignée head held high, a sophisticated perfume, an unusual colour accent, blatant jewellery, large and opulent, these are safeguards.

If you want to feel your best in the evening, wear Grecian dresses, for they are ageless. If you have any doubt about this, go and see Lynn Fontanne as the fascinating Alkmena in *Amphitryon 38*. Watch how, by the very determined tilt of her hat over her head veil she turns herself into a proud housewife: see how the movement and folds of her red cloak lend her gaiety: and, before you yield entirely to her spell, notice her magnificent carriage, her exquisite hands, and the lilt with which she walks. Who need envy youth when such secrets can be mastered?

Yet there are moments when youth seems the most desirable thing in the world. There was not a woman in the room who did not feel that when Heim showed his exquisite Jeune Fille frocks in London the other day. Made all in white—of lace, of linen, of organdies and muslins—full skirted and slender waisted, with modest little boleros or puff sleeves, they had a sheer simplicity that was infinitely more appealing than any amount of froth and flowers.

Jewel embroideries and heavy gold cords on a white crêpe evening dress, with matching sandals and a cape of embroidered mousseline, designed by Schiaparelli for the fêtes which will be held in Paris during the Royal visit at the end of this month

ROMANCE BREWING: Jennifer March (Caroline Bayly) is hustled into her overcoat by Gordon Andrews (Whitmore Humphreys) to be taken out for a walk and proposed to. An episode in *People of our Class*, St. John Ervine's successful play at the New Theatre

On Stage and Screen:

THE little Ambassadors Theatre, which a few weeks ago housed an exceptionally poor Irish farce, is now making up for that lapse with an exceptionally good one. Mr. Arthur Sinclair, best-known and best of all the Irish actors, appeared in the first and is also appearing in the second, in which I am not surprised to find that he seems much happier.

The authors of *Spring Meeting* do not make the familiar mistake of imagining that in order to make an Irish play amusing all one has to do is to collect a variety of brogues and ancient Hibernian phrases and *clichés*, juggle about with them without any particular skill, and hope for the best. This has been done so frequently that statistics would indicate that the most disthressful counthry has produced a large number of most disthressful plays.

The story here is not, perhaps, of vast originality or importance, being rather a mechanical affair about an Irish family with daughters who must be married, an awkward though cheerful father who has to be more or less licked into shape by a lady from a more fashionable world who would be locally described as "illigant", diverting muddles and misunderstandings, and, of course, a happy and peaceful solution in the long run (which, by the way, is what the play looks like enjoying). But it works smoothly.

The servants of this family, which is not so disthressful that it cannot employ quite a large number of them, are equally—indeed, rather more—important. They have so much more gumption than those upon whom they attend, as well as better manners, that this is not a case of high life below stairs so much as low life above stairs, with the servants, particularly the butler, busy improving as well as advising. That butler, quite inimitably played by Mr. Sinclair, is a close relation of Mr. Bernard Shaw's elderly waiter in *You Never Can Tell*. Wise, patient, kind, familiar yet never over-familiar, he manages everybody.

Plenty of people at the theatre (this seemed to be the sole criticism, for it was an enthusiastic audience) were assuring themselves and each other that servants never in any circumstances behave like that except in those depressing plays about pre-Soviet Russia. I can only say that in Ireland they do and that I have seen them at it.

Material of this type needs careful handling and perfect production. It gets both. Mr. John Gielgud is as good a producer as he is an actor—possibly better, for though there are some (but not many) of his performances I have not liked, his production work is invariably flawless.

Mr. Roger Livesey, a little young for his part but doing excellently none the less, Miss Zena Dare, and Miss Betty Chancellor (that brilliant recruit from Lord Longford's Irish company who were recently at the Westminster) carry on the fun with easy naturalness. Sheer farce is Miss Margaret Rutherford's sporting spinster—"comical-lunatical-pastoral" indeed. But this is probably the funniest performance in London.

"8.45 and All That."—Not the least of the many virtues of *8.45 and All That* at the Royalty (how long is it, by the way, since the Royalty had a musical show?) is that it begins at an hour all revues should begin—those revues, that is to say, which should begin at all. Another intimate revue at the Little is now one of the most successful shows in London, and it was bound to have imitators. This is not an imitation, however, so much as a rival, and a formidable one at that. In short, it is good, and as good as it is short.

In the production no economy seems to have been spared, and instead of an orchestra there are two pianos. But whereas two pianos, as I ventured to point out last week, are an unwise substitute in the case of a ballet season in a big theatre, they are an ideal accompaniment for witty little songs on a small stage. These songs have to be witty, however, since every word can be heard; fortunately at the Royalty the standard is pretty high and lapses are few. The sketches are full of point, and I counted only two which should be counted out—a silly business about a girl sitting on a freshly-painted bench in a park and getting stripes of wet paint on that part on which schoolboys get stripes of another sort, and an episode involving Mr. Robert Eddison in bed with a "hang-over," and Mr. James Hayter, as his valet, eating his breakfast for him.

Absolutely first-rate, on the other hand, was Mr. Hayter's material when, again in a deferentially dignified capacity, he had to announce to a languid and cigarette-smoking "ladyship" that the bailiffs were in the house. Mr. Hayter is so admirable a comedian, with a pungent style all his own, that I marvel that his name is not, so far as I am aware, as familiar to revue-goers as household words.

Another comic asset is Mr. Charles Heslop, a divertingly diffident compère, whom I can at last congratulate on having an opportunity to be funny in a dinner-jacket. So often have I sympathised with Mr. Heslop in having had to supply low comedy of a sort dressed in the costume of a lackey at the court of Louis XV or as some silly old burgher in seventeenth-century Holland that it was good to see him without any such handicap. And anyone who says that period costume is not a handicap to a comedian is just talking nonsense.

Congratulations also to Miss Gillian Hume on a merciless burlesque of Dame Sybil Thorndike in a Greek drama performed by some village community players with the highest of brows. This occurred in a scene in which we listened to Viennese, Russian and other versions of that (theatrically) sinister tune, "Three Blind Mice." The show is probably strong enough to defy such superstition, but I would feel more comfortable if, say, "Pop goes the Weasel" could be substituted. There are equally amusing digs at dogs, at diet fads, at Edwardian sentimentality, and at "improving" lectures, Mr. Eddison here showing that in addition to his ability in comedy he has powers as a music-hall turn.

And then Miss Greta Gynt, whom I had hitherto seen only in a poor play about a circus which gave rise to poor jokes about the *Peer Gynt* suite. Miss Gynt seems to have every attribute as a leading lady of revue, for her good looks are great, she is a pretty dancer, has a sense of humour, and does not mind completely disguising her beauty when the authors demand. What is also astonishing is that although she is indisputably a Norwegian, she has not the very slightest trace of a foreign accent—though it would have mattered not a jot if she had.

With her, as they say elsewhere, is Miss Ruby Moule, who is graceful and can sing a bit but has as yet a good deal to learn. Mr. John Buckmaster, who is coming along splendidly, did some compèring, some dancing, some acting, and some singing, and all of it well. He has an exceptionally pleasant personality and made a genuine hit. Some pleasantly tuneful music has been provided by Mr. Dennis Van Thal, by Mr. Wainwright Morgan, and by Mr. Abady (whose name must surely come pretty early in the Telephone Directory).

"PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS": Sir Gregory March (Nicholas Hannen; third from left) objects to the frank conversation of the young folk and is informed by Agatha Penworthy (Anna Konstam) that "it is quite fit for old gentlemen"

On right—"FIGARO" AT GLYNDEBOURNE: The ballet scene in Mozart's classic opera which has been presented with much success in the new season at Mr. Christie's opera house in Sussex

The Ambassadors Makes Up for a Lapse: The Rome-Berlin Axis Split at Covent Garden: "Rigoletto" a Wise Choice for the Italian Opening: "Tom Sawyer" as a Film

By PHILIP PAGE

"Rigoletto."—The opening of the Italian season at Covent Garden seems always to me to have much deeper significance than the fact that women in stalls and boxes array themselves more gorgeously and talk more, and more loudly, during the performance; that singers break off after an aria and bow and smirk at the audience; and that the occupants of the gallery do not reserve their applause for the fall of the curtain. It shows the extreme partisanship and, in many cases, the narrow-mindedness of opera enthusiasts in their two opposing camps.

The German camp turns up its nose at Verdi's frivolous, if graceful, little tunes (I am excluding his *Falstaff* and *Otello*), his tum-ty-tum orchestral accompaniments, and his habit, in his early and middle periods, of using the orchestra as a sort of glorified piano. The Italian camp look on Wagner as a melodramatic vulgarian who was a bit of a magician and a bit of a bore, and an opera like Strauss' *Elektra* as simply a nasty noise.

Since representatives of both camps turn up in large numbers at both types of opera—you can find them in the intervals "proclaiming with no little heat their various opinions"—it is possible that they are not so narrow-minded as they seem. Yet they need not be quite so rude about the works they declare they dislike (and, incidentally, the Verdi-ites are far ruder about Wagner than are the Wagner-ites about Verdi). I happen to enjoy *Die Walkure* and *Der Rosenkavalier* infinitely more than any opera any Italian composer has ever written, but that does not mean that I do not get much pleasure out of a superb performance of *Rigoletto*

This is far from being the best opera an Italian composer has ever written, but it is the best opera of Verdi's middle period, contains some tunes which have lasted for generations and will probably last for ever, and is an ideal vehicle for great singers of the type it demands. For Covent Garden's Italian opening last week it was a wise choice, and here was indeed a feast of song.

Signor Gigli returned triumphantly after an absence of some years, his voice as good as ever, with all of the old power there; but he is a singer of great taste, does not, as it were, fling it about all over the shop, and knows the value of restraint. The new Gilda, Madame Pagliughi, is not a girlish or romantic figure. Gildas are not hired to be girlish or romantic, but to sing, and that she can certainly do. I have never heard better coloratura singing since Melba and Tetrazzini, and her great aria, "Cara nome," would have been quite flawless had she not gone sharp on the final high note.

The Rigoletto was also a newcomer—Signor Tagliabue, a fine singer and a very capable actor. Our old friend, M. Octave Dua—he is a sort of genial mascot at Covent Garden, where he sang in the great days of Caruso and Melba—distinguished himself in a small part, and another admirable performance was that of the English baritone, Mr. Frank Sale.

Signor Vittorio Gui conducted and accompanied the singers with consummate tact, which is all that is required of a conductor in operas of this type.

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (Film).—I can imagine tens of thousands liking *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, for this film has been most carefully and conservatively founded on Mark Twain's famous story, and it has cost nearly half a million pounds. It is therefore a matter of the smallest importance that I am not among that number, and that I have always found Mark Twain's famous story a bore in any form. I suppose boys do—or did—behave like that, and that such behaviour can be honestly considered entertaining.

"NAY, WE MUST LONGER KNEEL; I AM A SUITOR": Queen Katherine (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) petitions the King (Gyles Isham), beside whom sit Cardinal Campeius (Gerald Kay Souper) and Cardinal Wolsey (James Dale). One of the opening episodes in the Stratford-on-Avon production of *Henry VIII*, which has lately been presented there for the first time for twenty-two years

REWARD OF VIRTUOSITY: Anton Wallbrook presenting Anna Neagle with a medal "for the best film-acting performance of the year" at a ceremony which took place at Denham Studios last week just before shooting began on the new Queen Victoria film, *Sixty Glorious Years*. In this Anna Neagle takes the part of the Queen, just as she did in *Victoria the Great*, Anton Wallbrook that of Prince Albert, and C. Aubrey Smith (standing in background) that of the veteran Duke of Wellington. Herbert Wilcox (right) is the producer

On right—HONOURING A GREAT ACTRESS: Irene Vanbrugh, here pictured in the character of Lady Messiter in Noel Coward's *Operette*, is now celebrating her fiftieth year on the stage and to mark the occasion a special matinee is to be given at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday, June 20, the proceeds being devoted to the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital and The Theatrical Ladies Guild. The Queen has promised to be present, and among those taking part will be Fritzi Massary, Peggy Wood, and Griffith Jones, Miss Vanbrugh's co-stars in *Operette*, together with Yvonne Arnaud, Gladys Cooper, Edith Evans, Leonora Corbett, and Margaretta Scott

A FIRST OF JUNE WEDDING: Mr. Joseph Grimond, only son of the late Mr. Joseph B. Grimond of St. Andrews, and his bride, Miss Laura Bonham-Carter, younger daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, following their marriage. The bride wore a gown of white satin and carried a bouquet of white roses and camellia leaves

A CHELSEA WEDDING: Mr. C. K. Gratton-Bushe, R.A.F., son of the Legal Adviser to the Colonial Office, and his bride, Miss Pamela Santour-Sells, of Jersey. *On left*—Lt. David L. Gordon, R.N., of the Survey Ship, Stork, was married in Colombo last month to Brinda Dutt, niece of Lord Sinha

THREE WEDDINGS: ONE CHRISTENING

CHIN, CHIN, said smiling Jack Hulbert to Venetia, infant daughter of screen actress Anna Lee (centre) and film producer Robert Stevenson (left), after the christening ceremony at Canterbury Cathedral

THE SEA YIELDS UP AN INTRIGUING RELIC

PICKED UP AT LOW TIDE: This elaborately-carved oaken plank was recently found on the shores of one of the Scilly Isles and bought by Mr. James Rutland, son-in-law of Field-Marshal Lord Milne, who now has it in his flat in London. The double eagle—an unmistakable feature of the design—suggests the plateresque style of the Spanish renaissance

The oaken plank which was recently purchased by Mr. James Rutland from a yard at Hugh Town, St. Mary's, in the Scillies, was picked up at tide-mark at a particularly low tide, and is certainly an object of much interest. The plank is about 5 ft. long by 14 ins. wide, and carved in the centre are two heraldic lions supporting a blue double eagle, crowned, on a red field. Altogether, the find is suggestive of Spanish renaissance times, and it may well have formed part of a fighting ship of that period. This, however, is nothing more than conjecture, and it is possible that some of our readers may have helpful suggestions on the subject

Below—A CLOSE-UP of the carved oaken plank picked up in the Scillies showing a lion design and the double eagle on a red field

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Carved in ways typically Spanish is this dining suite by Harrods. Such derivation accounts for the emphatic style combined with real utility; the light oak has an attraction which makes it a happy choice for to-day.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A FRENCH PRIZE-WINNING NOVEL

An English Translation; "Shadows Around the Lake" by Comte Guy de Pourtalés

By VERNON FANE

EVERY year, at about this time, two committees simultaneously announce a novel award. This year the French have bestowed the *Femina vie Heureuse* prize upon Mr. Richard Church for *The Porch*, while the English have given the Heinemann prize to M. le Comte Guy de Pourtalés for *La Pêche Miraculeuse*, a novel which had already been awarded the *Grand Prix du Roman* by the Académie Française.

This double prize giving has been going on for twenty years, with gratifying results to authors in both countries, but it is apposite to comment that not all the works so chosen have been afterwards translated into the other language. English prose is apt to flow uneasily into a French mould while, as readers of Proust understand, there are nuances and undertones in French which are simply untranslatable. The French novelist, moreover, is usually subject to rigidities of form, permitting himself subtleties only within that structure.

Perhaps it is because *La Pêche Miraculeuse*, whose author is fluently bi-lingual and himself a translator, breaks many of the classic rules of the *roman* that Mr. George Sainsbury has been able to render it so convincingly into English under the title of **SHADOWS AROUND THE LAKE** (Routledge. 8s. 6d.)

It is a "family" novel in the sense that the story is dominated by family traditions, rigid, unrelenting, undeviating. For Paul de Villars springs from Calvinist stock, from forebears who have held the Puritan stronghold of Geneva through centuries of stubborn militantism and resistance. As the Villars grew rich and prospered, so they spread beyond their own small country and married into other cultures, but those in whom the iron of Protestantism was strongest always returned to their spiritual home beside the famous lake.

The spirit of Calvinism is ineluctable, admitting of no compromise, no temporisation, so that Paul, with the blood strong in him, has no *via media* when possessed by worldly passion. The first part of the book, in which the family most pervades, is perhaps the best, because of the solidity of its foundations. Then comes the war, with its shifting of values, its need for rapid compromise, involving, as it must, the inevitable disintegration of that which refuses to yield.

It is in love that Paul finds himself besieged in the strong grey house of the faith of his fathers. The grim edifice is doomed and he is compelled to shatter it to bits if he is to remould it nearer to his heart's desire. It is a powerful theme, for if many waters of tenets cannot quench love, it is a powerful flood that can wash away completely the rock of faith.

Here is a rich, full, and sensitive novel by a man of wide culture with a love of music which some readers will especially enjoy.

MEN ARE SO HELPLESS (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) claims Mrs. Kate Mary Bruce, but ironically, we are told, since the author is aware that men are perfectly capable of helping themselves to anything.

Mrs. Bruce's novel is the story of a predatory female, pretty enough to be a real menace to liberty of thought and will, and with one of those misleadingly gentle appearances which suggest infinite pliability and really conceal the instincts of a female spider.

Avice Murphy, as a debutante in pre-war London, gently dissuaded her father from accepting the Mastership of the Rolls, and with a word and a smile upset his plans for a remarriage. The last ten years of his life were passed in ineffectual hobbies and travelling, but at least he was not separated from the daughter whose need for him was apparently so great.

Terrified by the hazards of war, Avice's next step was to get her young husband a staff appointment, which was the means of saving his life and, subsequently, of turning him into a disappointed drunkard. Her second husband, a distinguished soldier with a brilliant Indian career, was persuaded to resign from the Army, a life for which temperament and talents had perfectly fitted him, and return to England and a city career.

This new venture ended in the suicide of an unhappy man and Avice's complete bewilderment. Her only interest was now in her son Julian, and with twenty-odd years of experience in life-wrecking behind her, she tackled his problem cheerfully enough. Julian's love for an intelligent and beautiful young actress must be turned to something futile and bitter, and Julian must learn that his happiness lay in his home circle.

The end of the book leaves Avice with a clear conscience and a flawless complexion, the result, one is inclined to think, of an almost cannibalistic diet. Mrs. Bruce writes lightly and with a mature sense of irony. My criticism of her book would be that she labours, at too great length, an idea which was dealt with once by Miss Ferber's masterly hand in *Mother Knows Best*.

TOWERS IN THE MIST (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), a long historical novel by Miss Elizabeth Goudge, has the merit of sincerity and obviously careful research, two qualities which in work of this kind are neither as tedious nor as commonplace as they might appear.

Oxford, and particularly Christ Church, of the sixteenth century, is the scene of her story, which moves with leisurely charm against a background of tapestried walls, royal processions, and legendary figures. Some of these figures, however, have the reality of history to animate them, and Philip Sidney, Walter Raleigh, and good Queen Bess herself are called in to furnish that vivid colour which the townspeople of even this lovely city might otherwise lack.

Derby week seems an auspicious moment for the appearance of the autobiography of the world's most famous jockey—a coincidence which was probably not overlooked by its publishers. **DONOGHUE UP** (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is Steve's story, breezily written, with not too much racing jargon to make it unintelligible, and enough anecdotes and turf confidences to make it interesting to the vast majority of "punters" and to those who take a more academic interest in the kingly sport of racing.

Donoghue's greatest partnership — it would scarcely be affectation to call it friendship—was with that stalwart of the racecourse, Brown Jack, who won the Alexandra Stakes at Ascot for six years in succession. I was present myself on the last three of those occasions, and I shall never forget the roar of real applause and enthusiasm that went up as that pair made their sixth and record win.

Donoghue, who rode that horse in no fewer than forty races, grew to have a kind of kinship with him. "We understood each other perfectly," he writes. "He had a light heart and everything he did in his own humorous way made me love him more. . . . There was never one with whom I was associated who brought me greater joy than gallant Brown Jack and his old-fashioned ways."

Steve, as he will always be to the crowds who cheered him on year after year, won the Derby—the Epsom Derby as he correctly puts it—five times—a magnificent record, and one of which he is rightly proud. By the merest chance he missed rides on at least two other Derby winners, but, as he says himself, "to win the Derby is every jockey's ambition, and I have had my share."

A simple summing-up of what is meant by the sporting spirit, and characteristic of this amazing little man. Incidentally, if anyone is more interested in the technique of his riding than in the histories of his mounts, they have only to study the photograph opposite page 93, which shows, better than any words, how a jockey may win a race with his hands.

Mr. John van Druten's claim to our attention to the story of his life is that he wrote a very successful play about a schoolboy which he afterwards turned into a novel. Since then he has written other plays and has been to Hollywood, where he has had a hand in the making of movies.

WINNER OF THE "FEMINA VIE HEUREUSE": Richard Church, who has just been awarded this much-sought-after literary prize for his book *The Porch*. The award is made by a French committee, which chooses what it considers the best work of imaginative literature produced within a given time by one of the younger British authors. Speaking at the Anglo-French Luncheon Club some days ago, L. A. G. Strong said, "It is refreshing to find so unobtrusive and so honest a writer as Mr. Church receiving honour abroad"

Now when I picked up Mr. van Druten's autobiography, **THE WAY TO THE PRESENT** (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), I expected it to tell me a lot about the life of a successful dramatist, a lot about the stage, about the state of the drama to-day, about the theatre on Broadway, about Hollywood, about the making of movies: to be taken, in other words, behind those scenes, so mysterious to the playgoer, but where Mr. van Druten walks by right.

Nothing of the sort. Mr. van Druten tells the story of his life; but only from childhood to the opening of *Young Woodley*. Now Mr. van Druten's life was in no way remarkable. It was the life of any ordinary young man who loves his mother, doesn't particularly like his father, was brought up in fairly comfortable circumstances and goes to all the right schools.

Indeed, the young van Druten is almost a model boy, and certainly a promising young man, since he learned to observe all the right things in the right way and in the correct order. As a child he played with model theatres. As a man he took to the theatre as a profession. But he tells us next to nothing about his art or the people engaged in it.

I am afraid I must refer to Mr. Maugham. Mr. Maugham wrote his autobiography, but there is very little about the life of Mr. Maugham in it and a good deal of Mr. Maugham's ideas and the crystallised total of his experience in his profession. The difference makes all the difference between that which is intrinsically dull and that which can be exciting.

Books Received.—JOHN MURRAY.—THE WAVELESS PLAIN. By Walter Starkie. 12s. 6d. A CLOUD THAT'S DRAGONISH. By Verrier Elwin. 7s. 6d. NELSON.—HALF TIME! "THE MIKE AND ME." By H. B. T. Wakelam. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. NEW BOOK COMPANY.—BEAUTIFUL BOMBAY AND OTHER STORY POEMS. By Innocent Sousa. 2s. 6d. NEWNES.—DOORSTEP. By Ian Miller. 7s. 6d. NICHOLSON & WATSON.—CRIPPLED SPLENDOUR. By Evan John. 8s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—ORIENTAL ODYSSEY: People Behind the Sun. By Bob Davis. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. PITMAN.—THE BOOK OF THE STANDARD NINE. By John Speedwell. Second edition. 2s. 6d. ROUTLEDGE.—SHADOWS AROUND THE LAKE. By Guy de Pourtalés. 8s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER—BOHEMIAN LOVE SONG. By Kenelm Foss. 7s. 6d.

POETRY IN A PUB! The Reverend A. C. Stratton reading a selection of verse at the City Arms Public House, Bristol; a gathering of a novel nature that was voted a great success and of which the late G. K. Chesterton, most robust of poetical roysterers, would certainly have heartily approved

T. E. LAWRENCE'S COTTAGE FOR THE NATION: The Dorset home of the great soldier and writer which is being given to the National Trust. The place lies in isolated heath country a mile and a half to the north of Bovington Camp, and it was there Lawrence hoped to spend his declining years

FINE OLD SILVER

Like every piece of genuine silverware, this lovely castor — once the property of Viscount Anson and now in the Victoria and Albert Museum—is hall-marked, the symbols indicating that it was made by the famous Paul Lamerie in London in the year 1729-30.

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AMERICAN CARS FOR SPAIN: A view of only a small part of the huge contingent of cars which America is delivering to Spain, seen on the quayside at Le Havre. Spain is paying for them in gold

TESTING A CHRYSLER "IMPERIAL"

A Car which Embodies Silence Coupled with Terrific Power

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE Chrysler Imperial is the latest car I have tried on the road, and on looking through the catalogue before I took my place in the driving seat I noticed that the suppliers claim that they produce a good car not only from the user's point of view, but also from the onlooker's angle. Having driven the car over some hundreds of miles I am inclined to agree that their claim is justified. Mechanically, the Chrysler has many points which must attract the prospective owner. It possesses floating power, automatic overdrive, independent front-wheel suspension, outrigger body mounting, direct water cooling to the valve seats, and hydraulic brakes.

I have not mentioned all the various features, but just those which I think will instantly appeal to the average owner who is not too technically minded. Now I come to the coachwork refinements. I find that the makers will give me standard cloth upholstery or English hide. The ventilation has obviously been closely studied, for in addition to a scuttle ventilator the car possesses quarterlights both front and rear, all of which are adjustable.

I do not know how many years I have been driving motor cars, actually far more than I care to remember, but never have I come across a car on which the front seats were so easily adjustable. By lifting a knob, which is placed in a very convenient position, the whole front seat runs forward on its own. By depressing the knob the seat is automatically locked. Then again, this Chrysler has what the makers describe as constant speed windscreen wipers. I cannot say that I absolutely agree that the speed of the wipers is constant, but, although they are vacuum actuated, they do not by any means come to a standstill when the throttle is opened; they go gaily on and do their job just as efficiently as the usual electrically operated wipers.

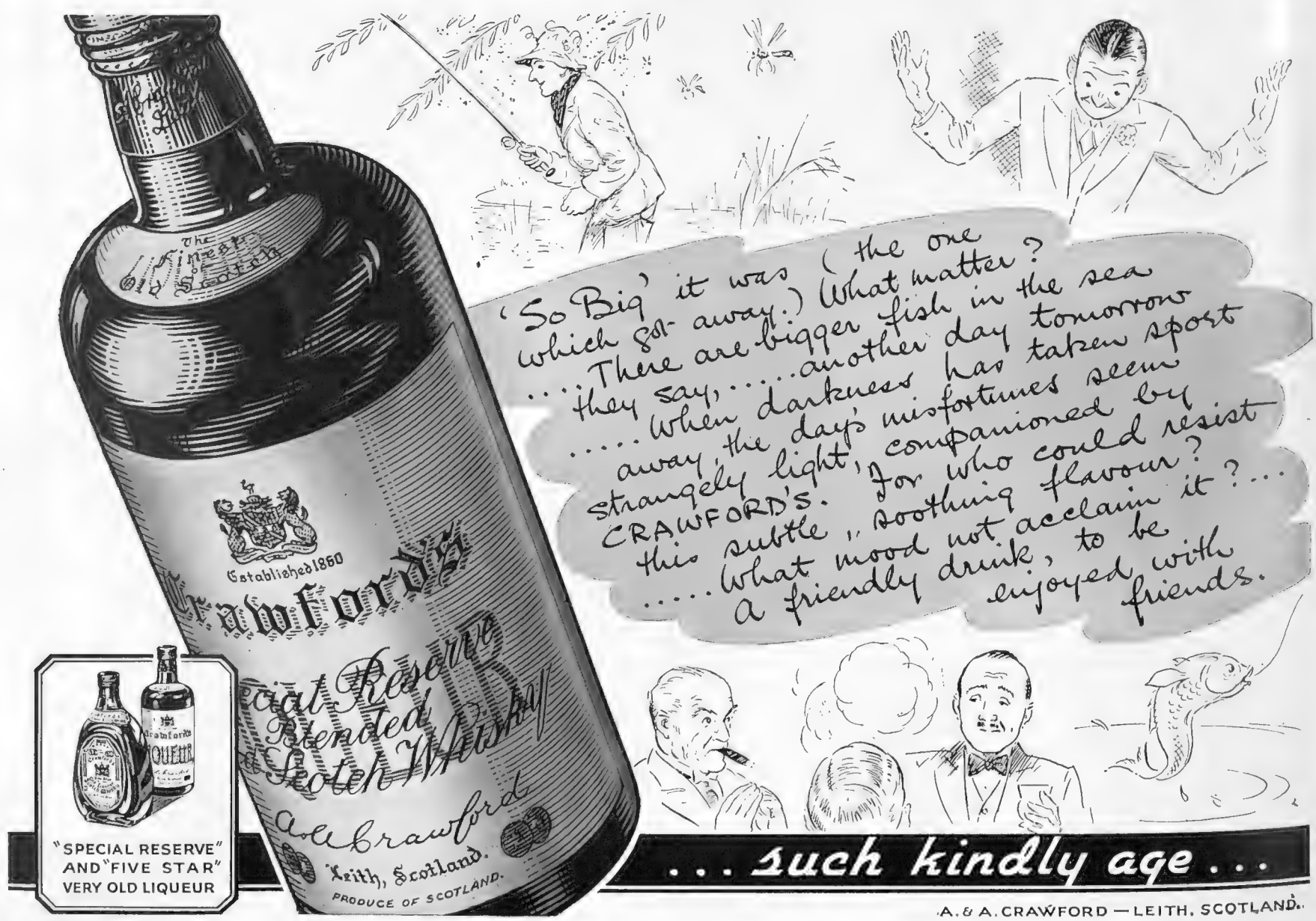
The figures on the speedometer face, and indeed on the other dials, are so large and clear that the driver can read them without the slightest effort. But perhaps the most useful of all the coachwork features that I noticed was the colossal luggage space available in the boot. Such ample provision for hat-boxes, suit-cases, etc., deserves special comment, because I find that the average car to-day is very badly designed from this point of view. Only quite recently I endeavoured to put two quite ordinary suit-cases in a car that I borrowed, to find that only one could be accommodated in the place provided for the luggage. After all, if a car is really reliable, it is bound to be used by its owner for touring purposes, and as the present desire of the manufacturers is to give ample body space for four adults we owners expect to get the appropriate amount of room for our luggage.

The Chrysler Imperial looks a powerful car and its looks are in keeping with its performance. It has an 8-cylinder engine with an R.A.C. rating of 33·8 h.p., the cubic capacity being just under 5 litres. It starts up from cold in an instant and it ticks over quite inaudibly. It will take the car along the pleasant English countryside lanes in a silent, smooth, steady slow swish, that is if the driver desires to amble along and look at the scenery. If, however, he wants to travel from one point to another in the shortest space of time consistent with safety, he has only to press the throttle pedal and he and the car leap forward like a bullet silently ejected from a gun. The acceleration on second gear is tremendous, but always pleasant. On top gear the car will go along at a speedometer speed of over 80 m.p.h.

Before I indulged in fast driving, and I was travelling along the Newmarket Road, where speed is called for and safe, I made one or two trials of the braking system, and as these tests showed me that they were definitely efficient and pleasant to operate, I let the car have its rein.

(*Continued on page 570*)

IDEAL FOR CARAVANNING: The Hillman Fourteen seen in this attractive Cotswold setting belongs to Mr. F. Palmer Cook of Hagley, near Stourbridge, who speaks highly of the car's performance after a West of England caravan tour



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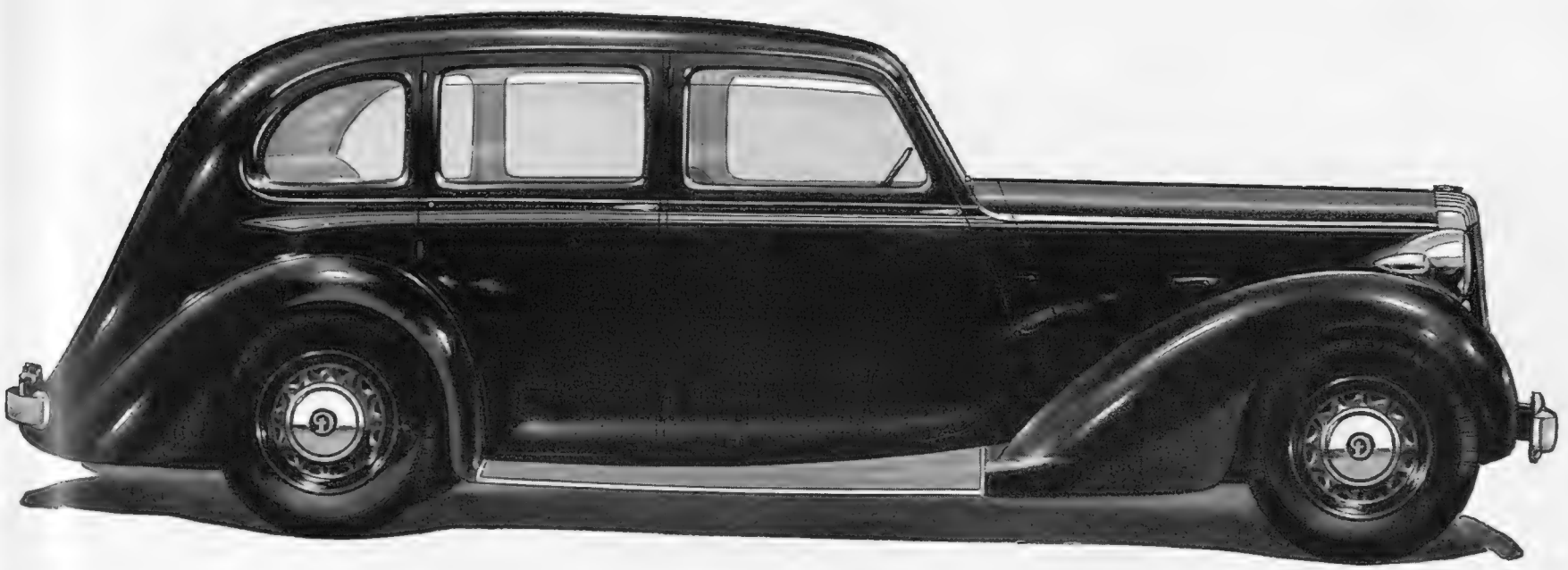

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THE PETROL WORLD—*cont. from page 568*

The front-wheel suspension definitely gives the occupants a comfortable drive, in fact the whole suspension system is good and does not allow the car to roll on corners, as one so often finds with vehicles designed on the other side of the "herring pond." I was agreeably surprised to find that the body was absolutely devoid of any squeaks or rattles. Anyone who has driven a fast car will agree with me that even with the expenditure on the coachwork of sums of money which would buy a complete Chrysler Imperial it is not an easy matter to construct a body which will remain silent for many thousands of miles.

There was one point which I think might be improved and that is the position of the hand brake. This is placed centrally underneath the facia board and, although it has only to be used for parking, I think it would be more convenient if it was placed on the right-hand side. I have come to the conclusion after my week-end on the car that it is one which gives excellent value for money and is a pleasure to drive.

Readers will agree with me, I think, that it does seem a tremendous waste of man power and money to detail constables to check up times at car parks. To see an able-bodied policeman writing down in his notebook the registration numbers of cars being parked and looking at his watch is to me a pitiable sight. I do not know whether the men employed enjoy this occupation but if it were not for the potential serious consequences to the motorist I would say that this procedure is just one big farce.

The time limit of two hours which is imposed on most of the car parks in the metropolis might easily be extended to three hours, and if that were done I think very few motorists would transgress the regulations, in which case policemen on this kind of duty would obtain little or no data for successful prosecutions, and their presence in the car parks could then be dispensed with.

Seeing some of the veteran cars perform the other day makes me think what would be the position to-day of motor transport had the same attention been given to the steam engine as applied to motor cars as was given to the internal combustion engine. In those early days the steamer was an outstanding vehicle. It was so fast that in many speed competitions it was actually barred. Proof of its speed can be obtained from the fact that in 1902 a steam car held the world's land speed record at 75 m.p.h., and in 1906 it held the same record at the amazing speed for those days of 127 m.p.h. What killed its progress was probably the increased interest in motoring taken by ladies, who had a positive fear of sitting on a boiler.

Sometimes it happened that the pressure or the heat of the boiler became excessive, the safety fusible plug melted and the occupants of the car were enveloped in jets of hissing steam. No damage took place, but the experience was, perhaps, a trifle too exciting. Mere man was probably annoyed on such occasions, but, being a genuine enthusiast, he did not worry too much, but the female passengers, who were not so enthusiastic in mechanical matters, objected to being submitted to the indignity of having a turkish bath in the open.

I think that such troubles as these would have been obviated in the course of time, and to-day had design been perfected we should have had some extremely interesting steam motor-cars. In those early days their chief advantage was the uncanny silence which surrounded them, and as the early internal combustion engine usually made a terrific din the steam car was looked upon as a very gentlemanly vehicle.

I would not like to say that if we had a steam car to-day it would be any cheaper to run, because, no doubt, the various Chancellors of the Exchequer would have found means of taxing the crude fuel and perhaps even the water which is so necessary with a steam engine.

Until the designers of cars returned to the more or less original lay-out for the radiator we were able to watch the temperature of the cooling water. Five or six years ago a thermometer was fitted on top of the radiator cap of practically any car, no matter what its price might be. To-day we are only given a thermometer on the more expensive models. I think this is a case where the dictates of appearance or streamlining have ridden roughshod over the needs of the motorist.

Let me give an illustration of what can happen at the moment. I was lent a car the other day which cost, when new, between £150 and £200. I frequently drive this particular car and I know that the owner is a fairly careful person. I covered about 15 miles and the car was singing along beautifully when, climbing a very slight main road gradient, the engine began to pink. As this was most unusual it put me on the qui vive and as the pinking became worse I got out to see what was the matter.

To cut a long story short, all the water had disappeared out of the radiator and the engine was unpleasantly hot. There were no signs of seizure and the car was left 4 hrs. before any water was introduced. The next day, however, there was a definite crack in the head, which, I consider, is definitely attributable to the fact that there was no means of knowing that anything was wrong until the damage was done. Modern bodies are so draught-proof that even the smell of the heated engine did not reach my nostrils. I do not want to claim that I am the most experienced motorist in this or that area, but I do think that if I can be caught in this way thousands of others may find unexpected trouble through not being given a thermometer to look at.

HITLER OVER THE "OESTMARK"

(Continued from page 546)

make of Vienna a big, modern city. Huge, modernistic buildings are to be erected round the outskirts. When this is accomplished Vienna will no longer be the intimate, Baroque town of tradition. At the same time the names of squares and streets are being changed to symbolise the political changes. Any thoroughfare named after Dollfuss or Schuschnigg is to be named after some prominent Nazi.

If I were to be asked the question: How does the mass of the people—the non-politically minded—take the new situation? I would say:—

Those Austrians with feeling for tradition sigh regretfully at the sight of a Prussian policeman on duty outside the one-time Imperial Hofburg. And most Austrians, whatever their political view, find it easier to raise their hats and give a cheery "Grusse Got," than to raise their arms and utter a stern "Heil Hitler." On the other hand, there are many who welcome the opportunities for more work and better wages. On the whole, it would be fair to say that the new German-Austria is likely, in the long run, to be more materially prosperous and go-ahead than the old. But it will have lost immeasurably in the spheres of culture and the spirit. This is already evident in the realms of art, literature and music; and more especially in that specifically Viennese art—the art of living.

It comes as something of a shock to a foreign visitor, who knew his pre-Nazi Vienna, to see the great hotels on the Ring—the Imperial, the Bristol and the Grand—turned into military and police headquarters. It makes one realise that a people once famed for the arts of peace is now to be trained in the arts of war.

"The rebirth of Austria?" or *Finis Austriae?* It all depends on your point of view. As a lover of the old Austria, I must confess that I share the latter view.

C. F. Melville

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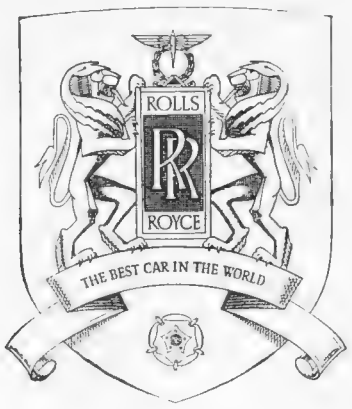

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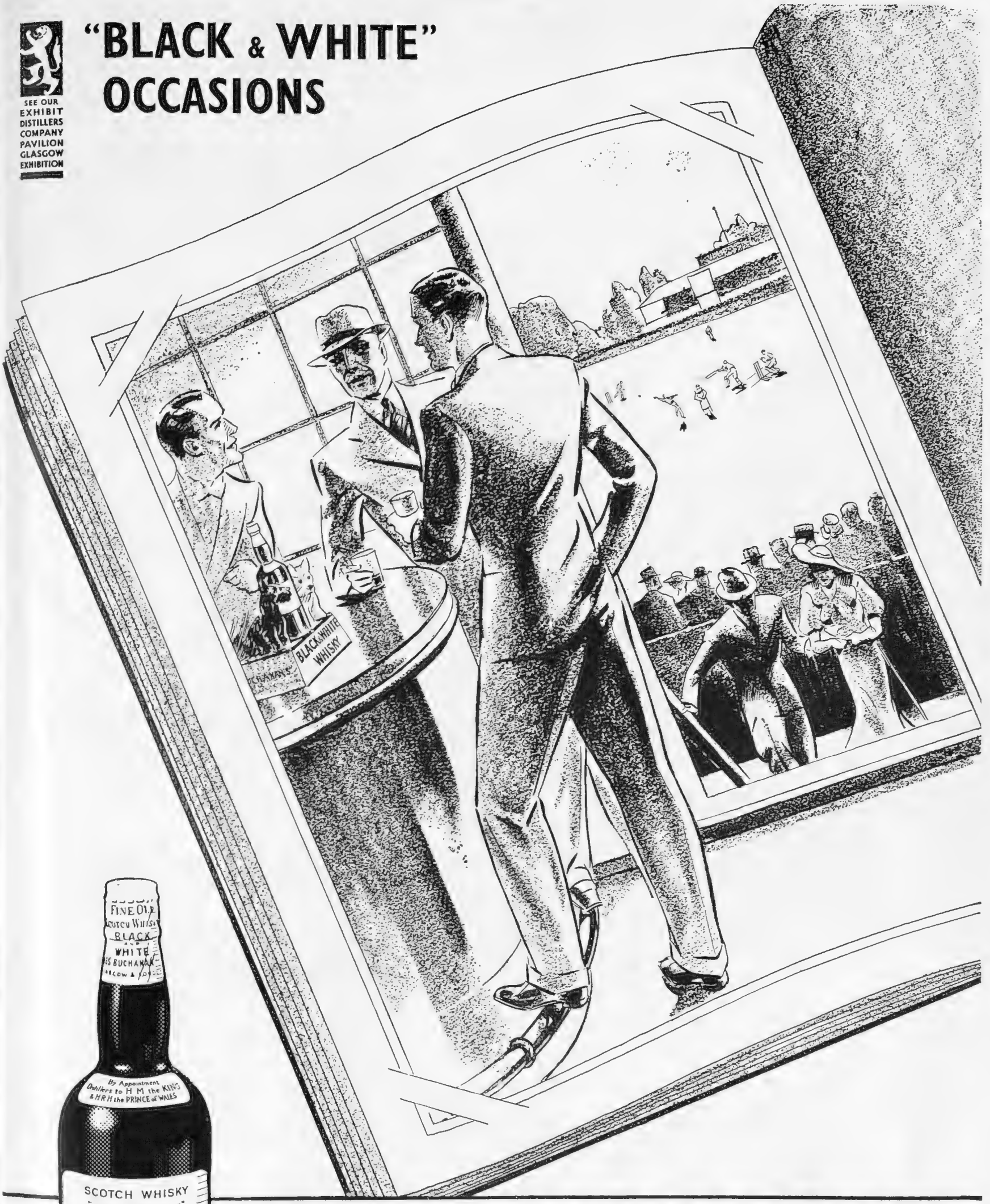


"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

WITH OUR ITALIAN ALLIES

(Continued from page 542)

reciprocity to Greater Germany, and Italians are having to rely a lot on scraggy stuff from Libya."

And: "The people, from highest to lowest, are becoming more critical and are chafing at the rigours of government, including the taxation, which is very severe, but they dare not say much. They boil against scattered abuses by local Fascist officials that have been known to amount to such things as eating free, indefinitely, in 'badly viewed' small town hotels, but they give credit to Mussolini for not knowing about it, for he'd boil, too."

All cities and towns, and even the country between, are permanently plastered with posters shrieking the virtues, merits, rights and might of Mussolini's Italians. Immense portraits of a fearsome Duce, and a monstrously expanding succession of the word "DUCE", accompany the chorus. A wicked insinuation of these ubiquitous and screaming slogans has it that Italy is having to arm to defend herself.

Cut in stone, on every town hall wall of consequence, is a bitter Sanctions reminder, contrived lest that ordeal be forgotten by a people heretofore easy-going. A *foilie de la persecution* is engendered, not surprisingly, by such enduring tablets, which is what is wanted.

So you will understand when I say that even for the least politically minded visitor, the smiling and hospitable Italy so obviously wanting to be friendly, the Italy of unique cosmopolitan culture, is perpetually being shoved aside by a shrill, clamorous, challenging, bellicose Italy, chip on shoulder, tin-hatted, obsessed by visions of future domination.

Does the world ever cease writing about, discussing Italians? That, you feel, is one of the reasons for it all: the over-attention paid, with resultant determination of Fascist Italy to live up to it.

See-saw! Here I am, looking critically on, while just round the corner is something rather fine. In point of fact, a bank (this is Florence). Banks can scarcely suggest anything fine? What of Italy's refusal to crave foreign loans? She wouldn't get them? That is not so certain.

The country is freakishly solvent—just. She waits for Ethiopia to develop, and welcomes foreign capital there on an equality basis, but hat in hand borrowing—never more! That would mean a return to dependence upon others. *Italia farà da sè*—she'll carry on on her lonesome, poor and all. To me, the marvel is that she has carried on so long, how everything has been financed, from wars to fiestas, via renovation and arming.

The battle of conscience in this whole business is a severe one. But we're no saints, never have been, and Italy and Italians seem worth striving for despite of all: striving for in the sense of others seeking to simplify for them the road to the fuller life they talk about so, before they drive themselves to real war in search of it.

CONTINUATIONS

Florence was still swastika-d, the while beaming German tourists circulated in advertised quest of a warmth and reciprocity they did not collect. Those screaming hoardings tell us that "Italians do not forget," the reference being to Sanctions. Quite right, Duce. Italians do not forget—other things, also.

But go to the enchanting Renaissance city of Leonardo, Michelangelo, Giotto, and *you* forget about it all! Though you have to go out early in the morning, for preference along the Arno, where muscular young Italy rows furiously under the Ponte Vecchio by 7 a.m., prior to the day's work or training. Heaven knows what it must have been like the week before, with Fascism's full *sagre* ("rites") being staged for the Führer. Florence must have had its fill, for the Tuscan is an ironic bird.

Florence has the best food and wine, also the least expensive. It has the most courteous and friendly citizens and servants. It is here you come nearest to slipping almost unconsciously into giving the Fascist salute in return for one given you; but a wave of the hand, or raising of the hat, is what I did. In these parts I "contacted" Youth, which went after me with such questions as "Why is England helping Communism in Spain?" "Why did you tear up the first gentleman's agreement?" "Against whom are you arming?"

Now, the Italian, young or old, is, above all, *furbo* (crafty); being caught as a fool (*fesso*) makes him simply wild. Accordingly, he having being taught that we are stupid or on the *fesso* side, it took me all my time to answer these questions, nor was anything that I said, believed. "Eden hated the Duce"—that was enough for them, for example, in regard to question two. Of course, the point is that it is too much to ask budding, bright youngsters to overlook, overnight, all the ghastly things that were for long crammed into them concerning the English. For Blackshirt young Italy, feeling so terribly important, pioneer heroes of the race for all time, we remain the villains; and what is more, decadent ones.

The whole way to Rome each side of the permanent way remained plastered with huge strips repeating endlessly "Duce–Führer, Asse Roma–Berlino."

In Rome the drought had stopped, and it stayed stopped. Fortunately the autobus service is a gem, and I should add, also, the post office, the station, and that rare innovation, the Hotel Diurno, where one can get anything one requires after a journey, from a bath onwards.

Rome is heavy from the presence of the Party. Headquarters weigh here, as they do in once light Munich. The streets show a succession of uniforms, a dozen different kinds, those uniforms for indefinite if not permanent "armed peace" upon which the Duce is so intent. Swords trail by the hundred. The saluting is meticulous.

Then I went out by quick electric railway to the Lido, at Ostia. In 1920, I used to swim in the neighbouring Porziano region, from a solitary hut. Now the place looks as elongated as Blackpool, which it probably resembles, in a southern way, when Roman heat sends the multitude down to the sea to breathe.

Fourthly, the Mussolini Forum, dedicated to youth. Here I saw my first bambinos with muskets, and they did not make me smile. Rather did I think back to 1928 when we all smiled at the Duce's initial bestowal of muskets on six and eight-year-olds. The smile is now on the face of the Duce, with those erstwhile bambinos stepping out as seventeen and eighteen-year-old Avanguardista, rapidly on the way to becoming fully fledged soldiers.

At Genoa, the Fleet was in. This delicious, unique port was packed and celebrating beneath a gigantic Mare Nostrum banner.

Give warships to Genoa, to build (as has been done), and Genoa responds. Otherwise, it is not the most responsive city to Fascism, main reason why Mussolini did not visit it for twelve whole years until he sailed thither to make his "Genoa speech."

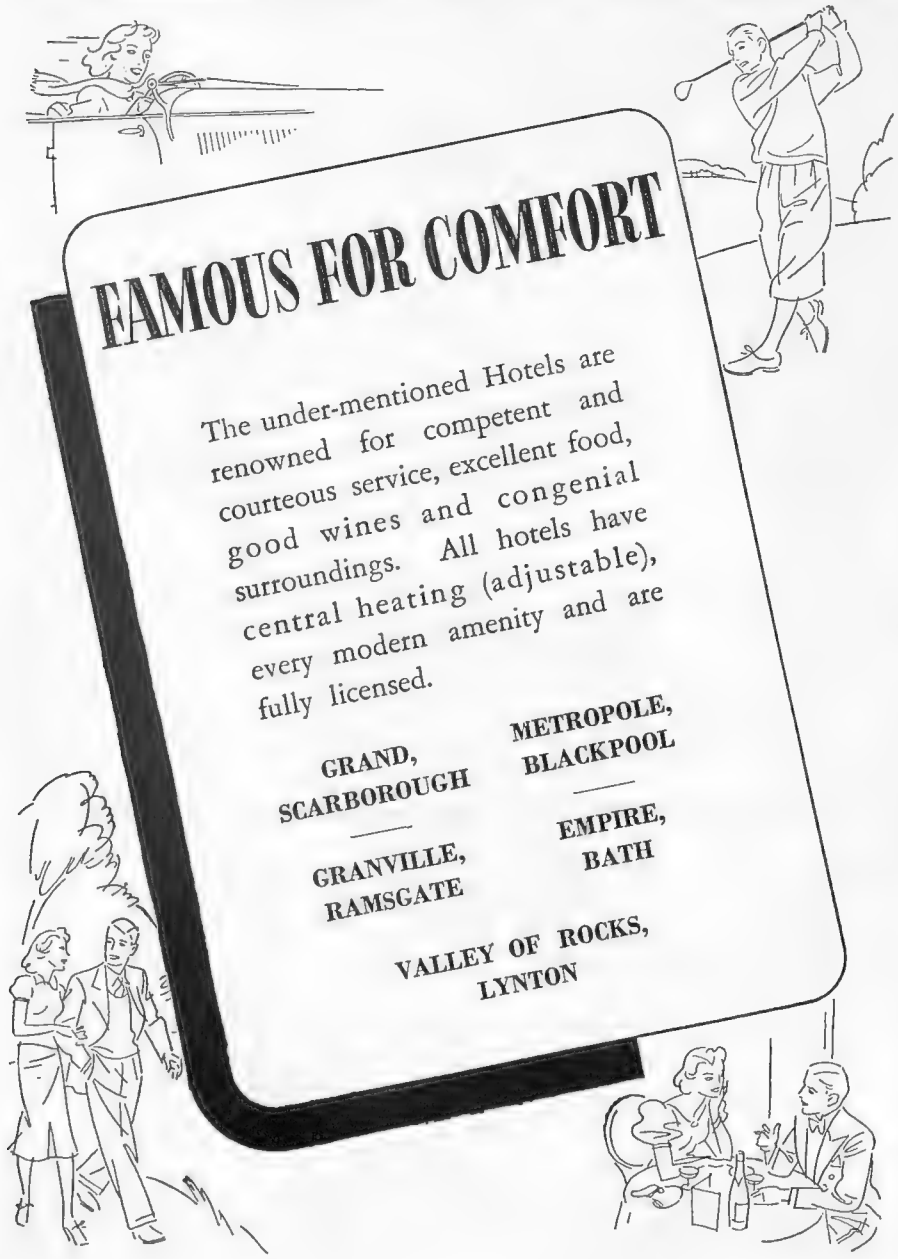
A CZECH CANNOT SPEAK TO A SUDETEN GERMAN

(Continued from page 548)

Not crises nor bombs can ever stop life taking its way nor youth its toll. But, between intervals, conversations were often serious enough. Nobody could say that the Czechs were frightened, but they are looking at things earnestly. They fear that, even if the present crisis be overcome, they will have to contend with a long campaign to undermine their moral and to leave them open to any suggestions which Berlin may make. They themselves may resist such a campaign to the last—but what of the Sudeten?

It is a situation which we must leave to the Czechoslovak state itself, while assuring the Czechs of our goodwill and understanding.

The Czechs assure us that they bear no illwill towards the Sudeten Germans. Many Sudeten Germans are equally emphatic in assuring us that they desire a settlement with the Czechs. The next few weeks will show us whether statesmanship cannot find a way out of an impasse which threatens the peace of Europe. S. S.



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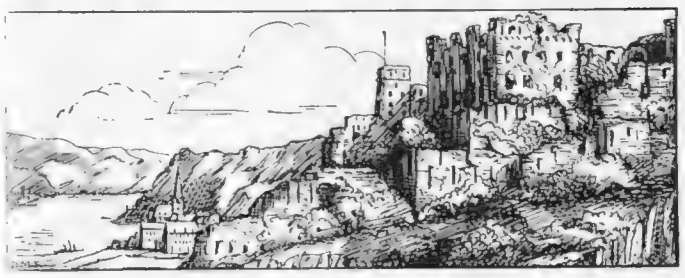
GERMANY



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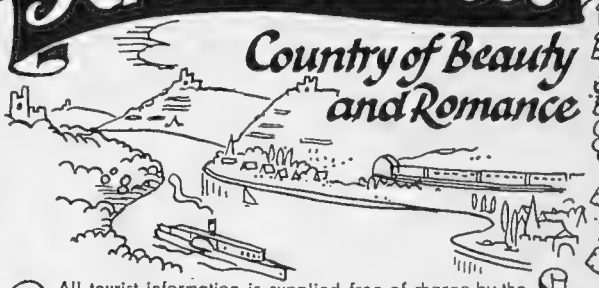

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Honnef/Rhöndorf - the Health Resort at the foot of the Seven Mountains - favourite centre for holiday makers.

Bad Neuenahr - Thermal springs, cures for diabetes, ailments of the gall and liver, kidney, stomach and intestinal troubles, imposing Kurhaus and well-kept public gardens.

Rengsdorf - lovely health resort in Rhenish Westerwald.

Andernach - Extensive parks along the Rhine, Namedy fountain - the greatest cold spring on the Continent - gateway to the Eifel district and Lake Laach.

Koblenz (Coblence) — at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle — Deutsches Eck — daily vintage festivals in the Wine Village.

Boppard — charming Holiday resort amidst the most romantic countryside of the Rhine Valley.

Bad Münster am Stein - near Bingen on the Rhine - watering place with thermal, saline and radium springs curing gout, rheumatism, sciatica, women's ailments, catarrh.

Trier on the Moselle - the oldest city in Germany, renowned edifices and monuments dating from Roman times, from German Mediaeval and late Renaissance days.

ESSEN
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Reich Garden Show
Exhibition of German Horticulture

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FOR ARTHRITIS AND HEPATIC INSUFFICIENCY

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To have a real holiday -- to be free from all the petty troubles of everyday life -- change scenes completely. Go to Vittel, the Park Spa of Europe. Every hour there you will find healthful rest and pleasure. The famed waters, "Grande Source" and "Source Hepar", will transform your fatigue into energy, correcting the faulty elimination of toxin; if you suffer from arthritis or hepatic insufficiency, a cure at Vittel will give rapid and gratifying results. And once you have taken a cure you can continue its good effects by drinking bottled Vittel at home. Vittel Waters are on sale everywhere.

Stay at the GRAND HOTEL, VITTEL-PALACE or the de luxe ERMITAGE, which faces the beautiful 18 hole golf course. In Vittel, there are accommodations to suit every purse.

Let us send you a free booklet describing the delights of Vittel -- the swimming pool, tennis courts, racing, concerts, theatre, Casino... write:

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The Spa to choose this year

NEWFOUNDLAND PANORAMA: An air view of the Bay of St. Anthony where the Grenfell Mission maintains its wonderful welfare centre for the care of fisherfolk of Newfoundland and Labrador

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

THE LAND THAT JOHN CABOT FOUND

Our Oldest Colony is the Angler's Eldorado and Unspoiled Ground for the Traveller

IN the first place can we agree how to pronounce Newfoundland? In the city from which John Cabot and his son Sebastian set out in their little craft, *Matthew*, on the voyage which led to the discovery of the island most people used to give the syllables equal emphasis, but Newfound*land* found greater favour elsewhere. Some years ago I happened to meet the Colony's Prime Minister and asked him about it. He supported the Bristol version. A few days ago I was challenged by one who said "I am a Canadian and we put the emphasis on 'land.' It is much nearer to us than to you so I ought to know." So we looked it up only to find both pronunciations. Probably John himself, to whom it was "New Founde Land," did not use either form, for he was a Genoese by birth.

In the minds of most of us the earliest association with the island is probably the shaggy Newfoundland dog as a symbol of faithfulness and the defender of the weak, though not exactly a creature or the lap. It has a reputation for life saving, has figured on postage stamps and daily does some very useful work between the shafts of light carts.

The vastness of the North American continent rather dwarfs Newfoundland on the map, while in fact it is somewhat larger than Ireland, and since her ancient title to Labrador territory was upheld some twelve years ago, the area directed from St. John's is equal to the whole of the British Isles with Denmark and Belgium thrown in. So, in considering the travel possibilities of this part of the world we must also take into account the northern land where a pioneer won world-wide fame, Wilfred Grenfell, medical missionary and knight. It has little significance here, perhaps, but you can understand the Newfoundlander's pride in his land being a self-governing unit of the British Empire on an equal footing with and not part of his neighbour, Canada.

The island, jagged and oddly shaped, remotely like a boomerang, straddles the mouth of the great St. Lawrence, and the Strait of Belle Isle, summer route of the Canadian liners, separating it from Labrador, is only 12 miles wide at the narrowest. The southern passage, Cabot Strait, is nearly 100 miles across. In more recent times Newfoundland has played an important part in air history. Too readily is it forgotten that the first Atlantic flight was made by Britons, Alcock and Brown. That was in 1919. On many later flights the course has been laid over Newfoundland. Harbour Grace on the East Coast is as familiar a name to the young air-minded to-day as Lympne. The next few years may see the coming of a regular service, enabling you to go there and back in less than a week.

In the meantime, however, there are very good steamer services from this country—they do the passage in six days—to New York, Boston, Halifax (N.S.), and Montreal, and a regular service is maintained across Cabot Strait between North Sydney in Cape Breton Island and Port-aux-Basques. The chances are heavily in favour of your introduction to Newfoundland being at St. John's. The approach through the Narrows between cliffs of 500 ft. is very striking; at the end is a perfect harbour—landlocked and safe. There is an old-time atmosphere about the city, and, although it is the capital, it is small compared with many of our provincial cities. It is not as big as Torquay, but it is a busy, flourishing place, with a harbour full of ships, from Atlantic liners to fishing craft.

HOW 16TH-CENTURY MARINERS ENVISAGED NEWFOUNDLAND: This was the first engraved map specially devoted to the island before the island was finally recognised as British by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

The French had their own capital at Placentia in a sheltered position on the other side of Avalon, the peninsula on which St. John's stands. It is only a small town even in these days, but the French chose a very delightful position on a beautiful bay. Cabot's first sight of land was hailed as Prima Vista, now known as Cape Bonavista. Whatever made them drop the picturesque original name? Sailing down the coast he eventually found a natural harbour and as it happened to be the Feast Day of St. John what more appropriate name could there be for the place? Within a few years it had become a rendezvous for the fishermen of many nations, but while it was perhaps the first settlement occupied by Europeans in the New World, some three centuries elapsed before it really developed as a town.

The expression "sportsman's paradise" is becoming rather worn these days. It is undoubtedly true of many parts of the world and the particular appeal to sportsmen varies, but nowhere can the expression be applied more truly than to Newfoundland. You will not get any tiger hunting there, but if a fight with a 40-lb. salmon appeals to you it is to be had at very little cost. This rugged island, washed by a sea whose waters abound in fish, providing a large number of the hardy people who live there with a livelihood, has lakes and rivers of fresh water teeming with fish. So plentiful are they that there are no restrictions on the angler and a nominal licence fee is the only formality.

The season runs from the middle of January to the middle of September, but if fishing is the lure which draws you to Newfoundland the best months are June, July, and August. I might continue the sporting theme far beyond the allotted space, for there are birds in abundance. Of the deer species the caribou is a native and is protected.

Putting all those considerations aside, there is a lot for the traveller who wants just scenery, and the wilder the better. He can get very near to nature in this unspoilt land. Rugged cliffs, mountains, lakes, rivers, trout streams, forests of spruce, fir, pine, and birch are the component parts of many glorious panoramas, but there are areas of pleasantly undulating country. Yet with so much unspoiled the visitor need not anticipate a primitive existence.

Certainly he will not find it overcrowded, but there are good hotels on all the coasts and there is a considerable tourist traffic from the mainland. There is a Government railway through the island from St. John's to Port-aux-Basques, linking up the chief centres and giving easy access to the great salmon rivers of the west coast. Branches of the main line run through some of the promontories, notably Avalon. For a community of less than 300,000 people a road system of more than 600 miles is quite a good achievement, so that one way and another there is no particular difficulty in getting about. As far as the coast line is concerned, the local steamer services are of great assistance to the tourist.

Beverley Brooke

A LONELY SETTLEMENT BY THE NEWFOUNDLAND SHORE: Port Saunders in Hawkes Bay is typical of the many little anchorages to be found round the island

The Holiday Different!

★ Enjoy an island holiday this year—only a quarter of a mile from the mainland.
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Nice Garden. Cocktail Bar. Private Garages.

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Parkstone Golf Course is adjacent: five others close by. The entertainments of Bournemouth comfortably within reach, but out of hearing. Canford Cliffs is the resort for summer. Lift. Garage for 40 cars.

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In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

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For luxurious country house comfort in a very first-class hotel, for flowers and sunshine, good food and deep sleep, for a great variety of sport and a holiday which combines the best of sea-side and country, come in June and July to

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GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

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Crafts of all kinds for hire. A first-class hotel in every respect. Write to S. Baker for details.
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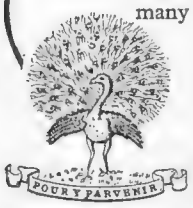
No music, no dancing — not even a cocktail bar; but in their place you will find at all times an atmosphere of comfort and calm. The Granby has been called "the headquarters of the finest English cooking", and nothing tinned or twice cooked is ever served. There are 200 rooms, many with private bath, and a choice of self-contained suites.



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In Quest of

A Three-days Motor Tour with Regards Comforts

WITH a modern car and a companion who can act as relief driver, and with definite objectives and a catholic taste, much can be achieved in the space of three full days . . . as this week's article will unfold.

At four o'clock one Thursday afternoon we could be seen threading our way past Swiss Cottage, and soon after 7.30 p.m. had reached our first objective 136 miles from London—the Old England Hotel at Sutton-on-Trent, half a mile to the right of the Great North Road, 8¼ miles north of Newark.

Of this small but delightful hotel I have written before, but each time I visit it my previous opinions are confirmed and enhanced. A genuine welcome from Mr. W. J. Pike, a dinner such as only mother could cook (and it *is* Mr. Pike's mother who is the genius behind the scenes), a simple and scrupulously clean bedroom (Miss Pike must be thanked for this), and the certainty of a good night's sleep away out of earshot of the night traffic of the Great North Road. A family affair is the Old England Hotel, and all who go there are soon adopted.

Away at 10.15 in the morning, a leisured run, and soon after noon we drove into our second "world"—a world of comfort and calm, the Granby Hotel, Harrogate. If you appreciate real English cooking, the joint and the fresh fruit trolleyed in for your inspection, you will be impressed with the high standard of cookery at the Granby. I have been called to task for saying that "nothing tinned or twice cooked is ever served there." But I *am* correct, even in mid-winter—sardines excepted. And there must, of course, be an exception to *every* rule.

In the afternoon, to the Cairn Hydro Hotel, to meet friends—the only five-star hydro in England. How it aspired to these stars I know not, but I should award one for its model kitchens, one for its medical baths, and the others for being so comprehensive that from cradle to carpet slippers the Cairn can adapt itself to your requirements.

At 5 p.m. southwards again to Doncaster, Bawtry, and then eastwards—where farmers were smiling at the rain—to Lincoln. And here within the space of a day we entered our fourth world—the Cathedral precincts and the White Hart Hotel, an hotel of perfection, if ever there was one. I shall hope to write more about this hotel another week. It merits an article of its own. Let it suffice here to say that going north or coming south, this detour of about 15 miles to see Lincoln, to sup and sleep at the White Hart, is a world and memory of its own that should never be missed when the opportunity arises.

A leisurely breakfast, a peep in the Cathedral, and away the next morning to Woodhall Spa, 19 miles away.

But first a visit to see Philip Oyler, whom all Lincolnshire knows, even though it is the second largest county in England. Mr. Philip Oyler lives in quite a world of his own—the Abbey Lodge Inn, Kirkstead, one mile south of Woodhall on the road to Tattershall

Residence . . .

Firstly a matter of comfort. That is certain at the Alexandra . . . the best of everything is just good enough.
Secondly a matter of address—the Alexandra overlooks Hyde Park and the land of shops and theatres is immediately at hand.
Thirdly a matter of cuisine and service—these are beyond reproach.
Lastly a matter of economy—this is indisputable.

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Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. *Telephone: Matlock 17.*

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IN a sunny sheltered park of 60 acres with a sporting golf course; lawns, woodland and water now at their loveliest. A variety of sports . . . or just resting. 85 bedrooms and suites with every comfort. Modern equipment, courteous service and generous hospitality. Write to S. Hancock, Director, for a copy of "Here is peace," a description of

THE SPA HOTEL
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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

And What It Revealed as by the Wayside

Castle. A remarkable inn, a remarkable man, and a remarkable indoor theatre, which, I am safe to suggest, is the only one of its kind in the country. It is the headquarters of the Lincolnshire League of Arts and here frequent plays, recitals, and exhibitions are held. There is no sleeping accommodation, no bar, but the inn is always "open house", though only for excisable drinks within the prescribed hours.

It was with reluctance yet with expectation that we retraced our steps to our second spa of the week-end—Woodhall. An oasis in Fenland! What a find! From dykes and drills we passed into a land of pines and peacefulness. At the Golf Hotel, Woodhall Spa, we lunched with abandon, forgetful of the day that may come when, under medical advice, we are sent for the unique treatment that Woodhall Spa offers. Not that we shall fear the day. It will be one of pleasurable anticipation. Here is the finest wooded golf course in the country, which can be almost one's own during the week. Here are good hotels, and if the Golf Hotel is a criterion of good food and a genial welcome, we shall offer our doctor double his fees if he will but give us the password "Woodhall Spa".

But every good sailor must ultimately leave port, so, leaving our sixth "world" and our second spa, we headed for Matlock via the two cathedral towns of Lincoln and Southwell, and before dinner were within the hospitable walls of Smedley's at Matlock—Britain's greatest hydro, without doubt.

Here, if ever there was one, is a world of its own. Throughout the year there is an average of 200 people staying here. There is no other place quite like it in the world. The bath staff alone exceed in number that of any other spas. There is always something going on; and be its residents nine years old or ninety, they all seem to enjoy themselves.

Away at 11 a.m. southwards bound, through Derbyshire dales looking their best, around Derby's new by-pass, past Loughborough, Leicester, and Market Harborough (passing, with regret, John Fothergill's famous house, the Three Swans), as we had an appointment to keep, 8 miles further south, at a little road-side house on the main road to Northampton, the Swan at Lamport.

It is the only inn I know of in the country kept by a retired doctor and his wife, and never did a doctor prescribe better, after a long morning's run.

And finally, to complete the three days and nine worlds, we took the opportunity of going across country via Kettering to have tea at the Manor Farm Country Hotel at Fotheringay, and a memorable tea it was. Its ten bedrooms, its quiet taste, the spick and span-ness, and the model dairy are outstanding features.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

If it's pleasure . . . .

you're seeking in London then why not add to it the joy of comfortable living? At Hans Crescent Hotel you'll find it at its quietest and best—with a first-class cuisine in addition. Harrods, Hyde Park and Theatres close by. Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances. Sprung Dance Floor. Brochure from Manager on request.

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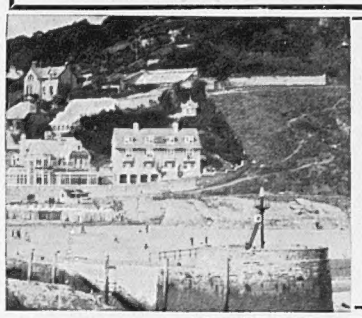

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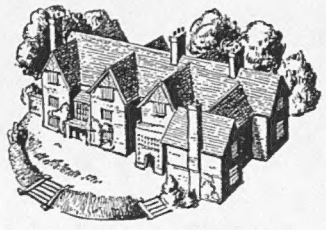

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FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

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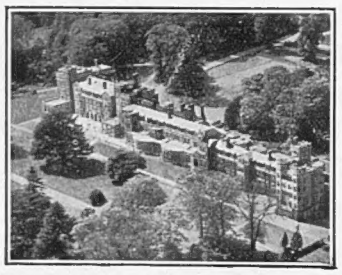

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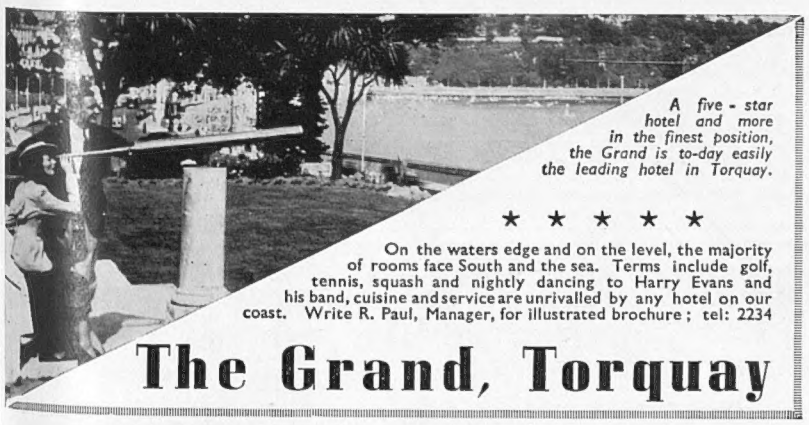

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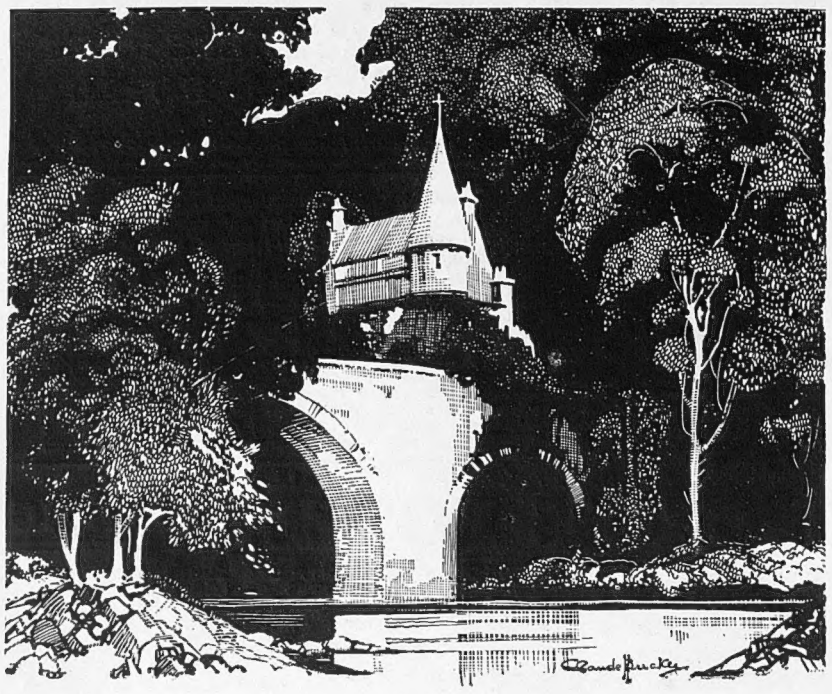

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You will find, also, much that you have neither heard of nor guessed—for instance, some such sequestered scene as our picture reveals. For this land is full of surprises. A Cheap Monthly Return Ticket brings Scotland within your reach. You have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

In many parts of Scotland you can get "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets." Their price is from 8/-, and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

The following holiday guides are obtainable free from L·N·E·R or L M S offices and agencies: *"Scotland for the Holidays." "Land of Scott and Burns." "Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond." "Through the Trossachs."*

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In Quest of SCOTLAND—

THERE is one part of Scotland which is, as yet, all too little known to the tourist, but which is by all accounts well worth a visit. I refer to the huge area of more or less uninhabited country north of a line drawn from Inverness to Fort William. It is surely desirable this year, when so many people are discovering Scotland for the first time, for me to help them in their travels up here.

Unfortunately, I have, myself, not yet penetrated to any great extent north of Inverness on the east and Fort William on the west, an omission which I am certainly intending to rectify during the course of this summer. But one of my colleagues is pretty familiar with this part of the country, and so for a change I am handing the microphone over to him. He writes:

The proper way, in my opinion, to approach the far north of Scotland is through Inverness. From that pleasant town take the road through Beauly, Dingwall, and turn to your left across the moor to Bonar Bridge, half a mile or so before you get to Alness.

On this lovely stretch of moorland, which is bounded by Dornoch Firth on the north and Cromarty Firth on the south, you will find your first halting place. For no wise traveller will pass the inn at Aultnamain without stopping to sample its hospitality. Stay a night or two if you will, but at all events be there in time for tea, for here you will find such scones, such home-made jam and such cream as I have discovered in few other Scottish inns. Indeed, this is a fitting introduction to the far north, for here you will find the hotels no longer luxurious and modern as they are in most parts of Scotland, but exceedingly simple and depending for their charm on the loveliness of the country and the hospitality of mine host or hostess, a hospitality which has never failed me, even in the tiniest village.

From Aultnamain you must go to Lairg and here you must stay at least for a few days, since the Sutherland Arms, one of the pleasantest hotels in all Scotland, makes an admirable touring headquarters.

If you look on your map, you will see beside Lairg the long thin line of Loch Shin which, to the best of my memory, is about 18 miles long by only a mile and a half or so wide. Right at the southern end of this, one of the loveliest of all lochs, and practically on the water's edge, stands the Sutherland Arms, and looking out of your bedroom window up the full length of the water, you will see sunsets that are perhaps unsurpassed anywhere.

The Sutherland Arms is, by the simple standards of this countryside, a big and luxurious hotel, but it is essentially homely and comfortable, and the food is the simple food of the country, lavishly served. Here you can sleep the sleep of the content, spend your days exploring the mountains round you, and

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Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

in the evenings sit outside the hotel, talking of strange things over your dram with the wise inhabitants of Lairg.

If you are a fisherman you will penetrate the difficult road up the north edge of Loch Shin to Overscaig, where the hotel which I have never yet visited is exceedingly popular among the fishing fraternity.

From there you have the choice of cutting straight across country to the west coast, or going northwards to Tongue and Thurso. My advice is to do the north coast first and then drive southwards down the west coast.

The road to John o' Groats is a good one and few tourists will be able to resist the temptation of looking at this famous spot, but let me urge you on no account to miss the far more beautiful Dunnet Head, which lies a few miles west of John o' Groats and is, I believe, the most northerly point in Great Britain. If you are a sociable sort of person you will get into conversation here with the gentleman who keeps the lighthouse and from him you will hear many interesting tales about the surrounding country and the Pentland Firth. I must particularly draw your attention on this coast to the Bettyhill Hotel near Tongue, a most unexpectedly delightful spot to find as far north as this. Situated right on the seashore, with close views of sand dunes and the sea, and distant ones of Orkney and the Sutherland mountains, Bettyhill is truly a romantic spot to visit. From Bettyhill, go westwards along the coast. If you are an enterprising person and the state of the tide is right, you will take the cart across the Kyle of Durness and visit Cape Wrath, but do not worry if you decide not to do this, for you have ahead of you what must be some of the loveliest scenery in the world.

From Rhiconich down to Ullapool, one lovely view after another will meet your eyes, and if you are a reasonably skilful driver the road presents no great difficulties.

There are a number of inns and hotels down this coast, and all that I have visited have been comfortable, but there are two that I specially wish to mention, the hotels at Lochinver and Inchnadamff. At Lochinver you will find a brightly coloured, cheerful modern inn which is well in accord with the cleanness and attractiveness of the village. Incidentally, people who are interested in bird life in particular will find this little place a veritable paradise, as it is the natural haunt of all varieties of uncommon sea birds.

There is a very different atmosphere at Inchnadamff, where the inn is old and seems to hold memories of bygone days, but though it is less up-to-date than Lochinver it is no less comfortable, and if Mrs. Jeanie Morrison is still the hostess you will find that you have lighted upon a most welcome resting place.

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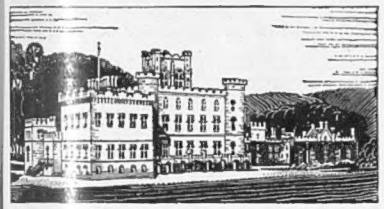

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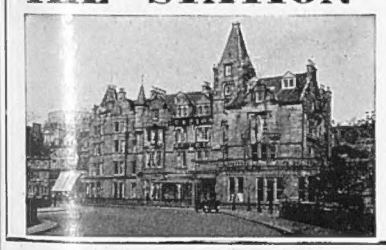

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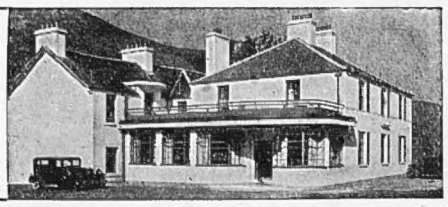

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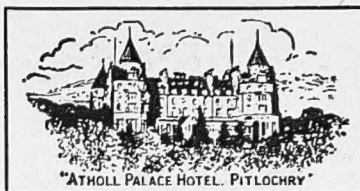

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